

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 3, 1985 \$4.50 (US)

THE PHILLIES—OLD AND NEW—TRY AGAIN



JIM BUNNING
AND BO BELINSKY

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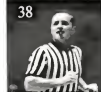
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Credits on page 64

Next week

A WORLD CHALLENGE will be met by U.S. skiers in a series of meets that begins this month at Vail, Colo. Dan Jenkins tells what to expect in the most exciting races of the winter.

A BOASTING BUSHER was one of Ring Lardner's characters. His real-life counterpart, Dean Canino, has proved he is as good as he says he is. A revealing study by Mark Kram.

THE BLUE HOLE is a mysterious gap in a lonely Caribbean reef. The rotten timbers of an old Spanish ship lure treasure hunters like Coles Pinnaz, who find little but keep returning.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Frederick H. James

For all the time planning and scheduling that comes with it, contractors sometimes find it necessary to let the seasons roll along, to remind ourselves by means of a checklist that that sport or that sport is almost upon us once again. It is difficult, for example, to convince oneself in mid-July that sandbars will not always be on the water nor will the lily pads always be quite so green, and that mid-July, in fact, is the time to be thinking about football. Odds enough we seldom have this problem in mid-February. The itch to go South begins scratching its way through the offices and along the halls and soon the image of a big-league baseball is mirrored in every eye-bound editor's eyes.

In recognition of the fact that readers are similarly afflicted, we traditionally produce our first baseball cover at the year's early in March—and this March we could think of no more logical cover subject than the Philadelphia Phillies. I or one thing, Bill Leggett's account of Philadelphia's odious rise and shocking collapse during the 1964 season occupies a major section of this week's issue (pages 52-63). For another, no team has higher hopes for the season ahead. To capture its dual symbolism of old and new, we decided to photograph Pitchers Jim Bunning and Bob Holicky. We are pleased with the results, which were not quite so easily achieved as might be surmised.

Hurling the Plats' big pitcher last year and the man who threw a perfect game against the Mets, was eating and speaking a circuitous banquet route around the country. Belinsky, the pool-playing ex-Angel, was living it up on the beaches and in the billiard parlors of Waikiki. Despite the distance, Belinsky was the easier of the two to

down, for one thing, he is an extremely cooperative man despite all the stories about his supposedly pugnacious personality, and for another, Bo Belinsky is always ready to go somewhere. So he hopped in a plane and flew 6,000 miles to New York.

Bunning's problem was more complex. The cover was to be shot in New York on a Wednesday. Bunning was to be in Philadelphia on Monday night in Harrisburg, Pa. on Tuesday night and in Cincinnati on Wednesday night. But Bunning, who is also cooperative in a less flamboyant way, drove 100 miles back to Philadelphia following the Harrisburg dinner, grabbed a couple of hours' sleep, drove early, caught a train to New York and met Belushi and Photographer Tony Truilo in time to 1) pose and 2) catch an afternoon plane to Cincinnati.

According to Tinelo and Deputy Picture Editor George Bloodgood, who was charged with solving all the complicated logistical problems, B&B were easy to work with. "I asked them to be natural," Tony explained. "So Bob asked Jim how he pitched to Willie Mays, and they talked baseball the rest of the game."

I sweep once. Belinsky midsly questioned Triolo about one pose, wondering whether it would look right. "Don't worry about it," Triolo comforted him. "I know what I'm doing. I look, do I tell you guys how to load me a set piece?"

And yet one of course, indisputably the illegal punch all pitfighters are occasionally accused of throwing. Beltruso grinned then, but later he got even. He took Triolo, no mean pool player himself, out for a little game. Tom came back to the office shaken. "Beat me 50-3," he muttered.

Sports Illustrated

Following [10] we define the q -factorial $[n]_q!$ as

* It is now on order from Harvard. Another Harvard

President James A. Garfield

Sagami Seamount Ridge - Deep-sea Corals

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[illegible]
$$\begin{aligned} \text{Lemma 1 (orthogonal projection).} \quad & \text{Let } K \text{ be } K_{\text{min}} \times (1, \infty) \\ & \text{and } H \text{ be } H_{\text{min}} \times (1, \infty). \text{ Then } \Pi_{K \times H} = \Pi_K \times \Pi_H \\ & \text{and } \Pi_{H \times K} = \Pi_H \times \Pi_K. \text{ For } W_{\text{min}} \in K_{\text{min}} \times (1, \infty) \\ & \text{and } V_{\text{min}} \in H_{\text{min}} \times (1, \infty), \text{ it holds } \Pi_{K \times H}(W_{\text{min}}, V_{\text{min}}) \\ & = (V_{\text{min}}, W_{\text{min}}). \end{aligned}$$
[illegible]

1. *Journal of the American Statistical Association*, 1997, 92, 1023-1032.

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SCORECARD

THE SPORT OF POLITICS

The desultory look-see of the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee into the sale of the New York Yankees to the Columbia Broadcasting System was based on pending legislation to put baseball under antitrust laws, with exemptions from the law's applications to such matters as player drafts and territorial rights. The sale had no relevance to the legislation, but the senators went through the motions anyway. It assured them space on the sports pages.

The intent of the subcommittee was made refreshingly clear by Senator Roman L. Hruska, Nebraska Republican.

"For the record," he said, "if some of my earlier questions made it appear that I am hostile to the acquisition of the Yankees by CBS, I want to say I am not opposed to it. My only objection is that Hruska isn't part of it, because it sounds like a pretty good deal."

Well, that's show biz. It is also politics. And if the trend continues it may one day be baseball.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Without assessing the guilt or innocence of the three Seattle University basketball players expelled from school—two for allegedly fixing a game and the third for not reporting his knowledge of the fix—it is possible to discuss the culpability of others. In similar previous cases, we have insisted that among the guilty must be included those university officials who condone admission to the school and then the continued enrollment of "students" who are not academically qualified. We do so again.

Immediately after the fix story broke, the Very Reverend A. A. Lemieux, S.J., president of Seattle, said: "I should like to advise the university family that in the present unfortunate crisis... neither the university itself nor its team is involved." Father Lemieux is wrong. It is not that simple to put all the blame on three boys. One of the three players was the cause of his high school's forfeiting all games in which he played, because college boosters had faked his eligibility

to play. In three high school years this player had F's in all courses of study, except one D in physical education as a freshman and A's in physical education as a sophomore and junior. What was he doing at Seattle University in the first place?

LAST LAUGHER

Late one recent night in a New York bistro of no repute, Mark McCormack, agent and attorney for Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus, posed a question. "What do you think of Cobie Le Grange?" he asked. There was silence.

"The young South African," he explained. "You mean you don't know him? He is going to be great. He was in the British Open. Finished 106th. But he would have won the French Open, except he blew a short putt on the last green and then lost the playoff. What are you laughing about? He won the Engadine Open the next week. And he was third in the Gevaclour Tournament at Stoke Poges, and I suppose you don't know that he won the West Australian Television Channel 7 Purse at Lake Karrayup? I don't see why that's so funny. Why, he won the Dunlop Masters at Royal Birkdale."

"And certainly you read about his winning the Wills Masters in Australia. He's the 23-year-old kid who blew the eight-stroke lead to Nicklaus on the last nine, but he held on to beat Jack. Stop laughing. He's going to be great, I tell you."

It was ludicrous. And then other similar conversations with Mark McCormack came to mind. There was the fall of 1960, when he kept saying that another South African, Gary Player, was good enough to win any U.S. tournament. Or the afternoon at the 1961 U.S. Open when he said he was going to persuade a college boy named Nicklaus that he could make a fast fortune if he would just turn pro. Or the Masters in 1962, when he raved about an unknown Australian named Bruce Devlin. Or early '63, when he kept saying, "I know he's a left-hander, but I'm telling you..."

and Bob Charles came up from New Zealand to join the tour.

So we felt it only fair to pass on McCormack's latest name to you. Cobie Le Grange. Laugh if you wish.

TOGETHERNESS

While the frustrated surfcaster flails an empty sea, a school of hungry strikers may be cavorting near the beach 100 or so yards away. It is an old problem. Russell Fradkin and his partners have solved it. Each of them equipped with walkie-talkies, they spread out along the beach. When one hooks into a school, he summons the others.

The day's fishing over, Fradkin drives home to the crowded west side of Manhattan, where every evening the automobiles come in to spawn. On the way he alerts his wife by Sony. From their 13th floor apartment overlooking Riverside Drive Mrs. Fradkin reconnoiters for an empty parking space, then talks him in on the Citizens Band. Fradkin is one fisherman-motorist who is always in the right place at the right time.

SNAP COURSE IN SCRIMSHAW

In Canada's far north there are 850 boy scouts, of whom 80% are Eskimo, 10% are Indian and 10% are white. Their



range extends as deep into the Arctic as Grise Fjord, which is 700 miles above the Arctic Circle.

An Eskimo scout does not have to learn to identify trees—there aren't any—nor is he likely to win a proficiency badge in swimming or cycling. What he must do is far more demanding. He must make and use well a bow and arrow, run a trapline, learn to drive a dog sled and take part in a seal hunt. To

continued

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We think 15 seconds a day is horrible.

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We are also reasonable. \$125 plus tax.

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drive A MAXFLI MILE



When the flag looks a mile away, hit more greens with your woods, get closer to more pins with your irons...no ball out-carries Maxfli. Sink more putts too...Maxfli holds your line from anywhere on the green. Stays white as the day you buy it. Your professional has them. Try one.

SCORECARD continued

qualify for a cub interpreter badge he must be able to carry on a conversation, give clear instructions and read from a newspaper or book—all in a second language. For an 11-year-old Eskimo kid, that is quite a stunt. Now, with a bow to Eskimo culture, the boy scouts of Canada have introduced a carver's badge. To get it, a scout has to design and carve a small sculpture in ivory taken from a seal or in bone from a whale. He does not have to catch the whale himself.

SPORT FOR SPORT'S SAKE

Under the circumstances we think Coach Boyden Atwood is doing a splendid job. He cannot remember whether his Bethel High School basketball team won its last game in December 1959 or January 1960. Somewhere around then, he says, and he figures the losing streak at about 90, more or less.

Bethel High is in mountainous Watauga County, near Boone, N.C. Its gym, built in 1939, looks like a barn, and its only heat comes from two potbellied stoves. A few planks provide seats for 150 spectators. There are but 23 boys in the school, and 15 of them are on the basketball squad. Organized practice is difficult to arrange because the boys live in homes scattered through the mountains. But Atwood and his players are undaunted.

"The important thing," says Atwood, "is that these kids have a wonderful time. You see, this is virtually the only form of organized recreation they have. Basketball is the only sport in which we compete with other schools."

"These kids are just like my own children. We go hunting together a lot. A little school like this can't pay you anything for coaching [he teaches biology]. You just do it because you've got athletics in your blood."

And sportsmanship in your heart.

SPORTSMAN OF THE WEEK

It is hoped that this week Richie Wurster, a 22-year-old general reporter and sports columnist for the weekly *Ballston Spa* (N.Y.) *Journal* (circulation 1,636), will stop writing about the R and H Little League baseball team, of which he is the manager; the Ballston Spa Merchants baseball team, on which he is the weak-hitting second baseman; and the Saratoga Black Knights football team, on which he is a reserve linebacker.

continued



**Some call it the poor man's Ferrari.
We don't mind.
Think of all the poor men who would like to own
a Ferrari.**

Quite a car, the Ferrari. "The connoisseur who can afford one shouldn't have anything else," is what Road & Track magazine says.

Now, about this *poor man's* Ferrari, the Volvo 1800 S. Road & Track calls it "a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or an Aston Martin will be able to pay."

And now a word about economy: Once you buy a GT car, you're supposed to forget about it, right? Well, at 70, the 1800 S gets 29 miles to the gallon.* That's better mileage than a Volkswagen gets at the same speed.

The real Ferrari costs over \$10,000. The poor man's Ferrari costs \$3995.*

If you can afford both, you've got a problem. See the Yellow Pages for the dealer nearest you. Or, write to Volvo Cars, Inc., Göteborg, Sweden.



and write instead about speed skating, a sport in which he has finally become accepted as one of the best competitors in the country.

Last week Wurster was given a five-mile civic motorcade from Ballston Spa to Saratoga Springs to celebrate his 30th-place finish in the world speed-skating championships at Oslo, Norway. Since parades are seldom formed for people who finish 30th, there must have been reasons for this one. Only eight years ago Wurster finished so far back in the first heat of a meet that he was mistakenly declared the winner of the second heat. But he kept on skating, even though some observers were saying, "Why doesn't that bug down give up? He shambles and chugs and falls down."

Wurster used to hatchlike great distances to compete. Three years ago he thumbed 1,000 miles to St. Paul for the National Outdoor Championships, where he finished far back. This year, after many brutal hours of practice, he went back to St. Paul and won the Nationals, then won the North American Outdoor Olympic Championship at Oconomowoc, Wis. Only three weeks ago he capped it all by leading the U.S. team to victory over Canada at Edmonton.

That was the reason for the parade, at the end of which he was given a stopwatch, which should come in handy. Wurster serves as his own coach.

MONEY TALKS AGAIN

No one knows exactly why Hungary's Laszlo Papp, the European middleweight champion, winner of three consecutive Olympic gold medals and loser of only seven out of 300 amateur fights, was given permission to turn professional in the first place. Some have suggested that it was believed he did not have much boxing left in him and was therefore expected to do badly in professional ranks. The image of a beaten Papp would serve as a reminder to the young that venturing into a capitalistic version of the sport was an ideological error. But Papp, fighting in Germany, France, Italy, Austria and Spain, and never at home, amassed a small fortune. He lives in a beautiful hanglow on the side of Liberty Hill (yes, Liberty Hill) in the posh residential section of Budapest. Gyula Torok, who won the flyweight gold medal for Hungary in Rome, has been trying to turn professional ever since. Permission

continued



Jack Nicklaus during "Big 3 Golf" as Bob Borberg and golf architect Robert Trent Jones look on.*

Is Mauna Kea's third hole the world's most spectacular? You decide.

This great third hole, with a 170-yard over-water carry, is already rated by the experts as one of the most exciting anywhere. It's one of the many features of the magnificent new Mauna Kea Beach Hotel course, on the Orchid Isle of Hawaii.

Mauna Kea opens this summer. From the warm and easygoing ways of our tropic beach to the fun of western ranch life, no other resort can offer such a wide variety of activities. Swimming in pool and surf, tennis, riding and hunting on the vast acres of the Parker Ranch, sport fishing off the Kona coast, exploring the Big Island with its ancient temples, volcanoes, orchid farms, and, at the Hotel, dancing and great native entertainment. For reservations July 15th and thereafter or color folder, see a travel agent or our Eastern Representative, Robert F. Warner, Inc., Western Representative, Glen W. Fawcett, Inc.

*NBC-TV

Watch "Big 3 Golf" from Mauna Kea Beach with Palmer, Player, Nicklaus MARCH 6-13-20-27

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A special Chevrolet we'll practically custom

You can make it as unique and personal as you like. There are nearly 200 items you can have us add, from Four-Season Air Conditioning to keep you cool to a new Turbo-Jet V8 to keep it sizzling.

This you may not believe.

But even with as many cars as we build, we could go through this entire year without building any two of these Super Sports exactly alike.

You see, the whole automobile market is changing. Today people want cars with special things; cars equipped pretty much just for them.

So that's the way you can order a Super Sport—specially equipped.

We'll cram the next paragraph with just some of the custom touches you may include, besides the extraordinary new engine and the air conditioning system mentioned above.

The special touches you can add

There's an AM-FM Stereo radio. A black vinyl roof cover. Simulated wire wheel covers. Soft-Ray tinted glass. Four-speed stick shift. Seven-

position Comfortilt steering wheel. Power steering, brakes, windows. Padded instrument panel. Remote-control spotlights. Tachometer. Even a special suspension, if you like.

Your Chevrolet dealer has a book that lists everything. He'll be glad to show it to you.

But before you leave this page thinking a Super Sport isn't much until you add to it, let us assure you



tailor for you. IMPALA SUPER SPORT

that it comes with considerably more than the bare necessities.

The special touches you get

You get front bucket seats, molded into shape with extra-thick foam cushioning. There's a center console with a compartment that locks and a rally-type electric clock. There are gauges on the instrument panel for everything, instead of warning lights.

The deep-twist carpeting runs up behind the chrome-edged accelerator, clutch and brake pedals, all around the vents in the side panels and even part way up the doors.

So you could hardly describe it as stripped down.

One last pleasant note we'd like to end on. It's about price.

This is a custom-tailored Chevrolet we're talking about. So it's like order-

ing a suit from a wonderful little old tailor who hasn't heard what those shops with the fancy names are charging for the same thing. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.





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When you're working toward a dream—whether it's buying a new car or collecting old ones—you're miles ahead if you can follow this one rule of financial success: *Don't split your money.* Keep your savings account in a Full Service bank, the same place you keep your checking account. This way, your money works together and your savings earn guaranteed interest. Your

money is safe, and you can call on it easily for cash or collateral or a credit rating. You can use it to gain the edge when you need one of your bank's low-cost loans. (A Full Service bank is the only financial institution that can make car loans, personal loans and all other kinds of loans at consistently low rates.) Day in, year out, you're better off with a Full Service bank.



"The place where you keep your checking account"

denied. Polish boxers have also made the try without success.

Two months ago Testnevelesi Tamas, Hungary's governing sports body, demanded that Papp announce his retirement and join the ailing Hungarian national team as adviser. Instead, he went to Vienna and began negotiations for more professional fights. Thereupon the demand became something like a strict order.

Ah, but no one had reckoned with the National Bank of Hungary, which stepped into the fray and pointed out the undisputed value of the foreign currency that Papp has earned and would continue to earn as a pro. Ideology or no, Papp will continue to fight professionally at least until the end of this year.

GOLF POINTERS

The North Carolina quail-hunting season closed a couple of weeks ago, but this did not mean a vacation for S. A. White's four pointers and a setter. The day after the season's end they were hard at work again. White, a Mebane furniture man, uses one or another of them to pull his golf cart, to which he has rigged a special harness. He regards it as good exercise for the dogs and good command training, too.

"I have one signal, 'Whoa,'" he explained. "If I hit a shot off into the woods I just tell the dog 'Whoa,' and he stays there until I find the ball." He has no intention of enlarging his kennel to include, perhaps, a Labrador retriever (for water holes), a bloodhound (for woods and rough) or a St. Bernard (19th hole).

THEY SAID IT

- Don Demeter, Detroit outfielder, receiving an award as Oklahoma's outstanding baseball player of 1964: "I would have to thank Mickey Mantle, who moved out of state, Allie Reynolds, who retired, and Warren Spahn, I guess, for just getting old."
- Paul Drayton, Olympic sprint star who got leave from the Army to compete at Tokyo, on why he runs the short indoor races though they are not his specialty: "It keeps me off K.P."
- Tex Winter, Kansas State basketball coach, addressing his squad after use of virtually all of them had failed to halt a losing streak: "Everybody show up for practice tomorrow afternoon—and bring a friend."

END

Live dangerously! *This Zero King jacket fends off everything but women.*

Rain and spills don't faze this zipper jacket — because it's treated with "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Rain and Stain Repeller. It will keep its water repellency through repeated dry cleanings — without reprocessing. And spills — even oily ones — just "sit" on the surface till they're blotted away. Even forced-in stains can be spot-cleaned, generally without leaving a ring. So why lead a tame life, when you can live dangerously with "SCOTCHGARD" Repeller?

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ZERO KING jacket of DAN RIVER 100% cotton poplin shell . . . with knit collar and cuffs. Totally washable. In a range of Spring colors. Sizes 36-46. About \$17.00 retail.

A STARTLING INVASION OF WOMEN

California's Pat Winslow (left) was a buxom fourth-place finalist in the 440, while China's shapely Chi Cheng (center) won the hurdles.



DAVE LOM

German blonde Antje Gleichfeld, second in the 880, sprawls on a



Indoor track had never looked more fetching. At last week's two-day AAU meet in New York fans were treated to the spectacle of lithe young women leaping, running and soaring in a colorful selection of Capri stretch pants, turtleneck blouses, Bermuda shorts, leotards and bikini-short shorts. But if the variety of blossoming fashions was impressive, the exuberant athletes wearing them were more so. They came from Europe and Asia and all over the U.S., and when they performed they were almost as good as the men, and even more exciting. Indeed, the problem for some

fans accompanied by wives was not to appear too enthusiastic when Mary Rand, the world's best woman broad jumper, flew into the air. Mrs. Rand has a nose that is too long, a mouth that is too wide and a haircut that is too short, but somehow they fit niftily with a smooth, pink complexion, a dazzling 36-24-36 figure and a buoyant, irresistible charm. She, Miss Chi Cheng from Taiwan and 208 others, many of them as comely, broke five records and provided some of the outstanding moments in a meet, reported on page 45, that in other ways was not always a success.

Queen of the meet was Broad Jumper Mary Rand (right) of England, who shares a moment of relaxation with a pair of high hurdles



mattress of foam-rubber chips and slides at U.S. meet



A YOUNG MAN WITH THREE HEADS

Tall, handsome Dave DeBusschere is the best basketball player on the Detroit Pistons. He is also the coach of the Pistons and a likely starting pitcher on the best staff in baseball—all this at age 24 **by TOM C. BROOY**

It takes real ingenuity for a typesetter to squeeze David Albert DeBusschere into box scores. Usually it comes out D'Buss'e or DeBuss're or D'Bus'r, and the typesetters' problem seems to last all year. From mid-April until the end of September, DeBusschere (pronounced de-busher with the umph on the bush) is employed by the Chicago White Sox, or one of its subsidiaries, as a right-handed pitcher. Then, as soon as he turns in his baseball uniform, he rushes off to join the Detroit Pistons of the National Basketball Association.

Competing professionally in the major leagues in two sports is rare though not unique. Gene Conley, for example, recently retired as baseball and basketball player. But Dave DeBusschere does more than just play in the two leagues. After two years of preparing him in the minors, the White Sox are thinking seriously of using DeBusschere as one of their starters and, when you consider that the Sox have the best pitching in baseball, that is high status indeed. In basketball, critics stopped using such guarded terms as "promising" right after DeBusschere's first professional game. If you look closely at the line of figures following his name in that box score, you will notice that he is nearly always one of his team's leading scorers, rebounders and playmakers.

This fall the Pistons asked DeBusschere not only to hustle his 6 feet 6 inches and 235 pounds up and down the court but to take over the duties of coach as well. The people of Detroit could not have been more shocked if the Pistons had asked Baby Snooks to take over. True, the team had been considerably short of a smash hit for eight years, and in the last two seasons, under the austere leadership of Charlie Wolf, paying fans were seen about as often as whooping cranes. Winning games were even rarer.

"I could have gotten more action selling confetti in the Detroit Institute of Arts," said one vendor, recalling the exposed rows of multicolored seats in Cobo Arena. Obviously something had to be done. But Dave DeBusschere—he had had exactly 106 games in the NBA and was 24 years old. Only one man, Roger Peckinpah, was younger when he took over the leadership of a major league team (the New York Yankees), and that was just for the last two weeks of the 1914 season. Even such boy wonders as Lou Boudreau and Bucky Harris were older when they were made managers—not much, but older nevertheless and, once their seasons ended, they could shoot ducks or sell insurance or just loaf. When DeBusschere gets through with his basketball duties this spring he will already be several weeks late for spring training, and the White Sox are not particularly happy about it. When he signed, it was agreed that he could play both sports, but now the Sox realize they have an exceptional property in DeBusschere and they wish he would forget basketball.

DeBusschere has no intention of doing that. He and the Pistons are thriving. Once grim-faced young men who plodded through games, they now free-wheel down court with zest and a free style. They already have won more games than they did all last season and, though it is a long shot, they have a chance to make the playoffs. Even if they do not, they have established themselves as one of the real spoilers in the league. As Philadelphia 76er Guard Larry Costello says: "When they shoot now, they pop. They never hesitate. They have no fears." For the first time there are large numbers of Detroiters who are willing to pay money to see the Pistons play. Attendance is up 70%; and, for a change, the people who do come really care whether the Pistons win or lose.

Under Charlie Wolf the Pistons probably were the unhappiest team ever assembled. Wolf did not smoke or drink or swear or run around late at night and he was hell-bent on making sure no one else did either. Midseason practice sessions consisted of push-ups, sit-ups and lectures. "We had to raise our hand if we wanted to go to the bathroom," said one player. And during a game, one missed shot or bad pass meant a trip to the pines, as Piston Center Reggie Harding refers to bench time.

"I'd trade every one of you," Wolf once told his players in an effort to build up their confidence, "except you're so bad no one will have you." Such leadership brought the Pistons exactly two wins and nine of the most humiliating losses ever inflicted on an NBA team at the start of this season. Then, early in November, Pistons Owner Fred Zollner hired Don Wattrick as executive manager and told him: "Do what you want but let's get something rolling." Wattrick's first moves were to fly to Philadelphia where the Pistons were playing, fire Wolf and invite DeBusschere for breakfast. "What do you think of playing coaches?" Wattrick asked.

"They can do a job," said DeBusschere.

"What about yourself?" Wattrick asked.

DeBusschere's jaw fell into his buttered toast. But he pulled himself together, took a deep breath and said, "Sure."

Word of the coaching change filtered back slowly to Detroit because there was a newspaper strike. But once it arrived it flew over the back fences, up and down the assembly lines and into the pubs. If the Pistons did not interest the citizens of Detroit very much, Dave DeBusschere did. He was, after all, one of their own—a local high school and college star who inspired such enthusiasm that after he

left the University of Detroit, a room in Shiple Hall was named the Dave DeBusschere Lounge. This is a tribute normally reserved for samity alumni with large bank accounts.

Watrlick, of course, was aware of the appeal a popular home-town boy would have at the box office but, as a former coach himself, he also recognized that DeBusschere had certain qualities that have nothing to do with age. DeBusschere had them in high school and still did. Wherever he went as an athlete, in fact, DeBusschere just naturally and quietly took charge and, without even realizing it, the older players began happily following along. Cincinnati Coach Jack McMahon, for one, has been aware of DeBusschere's ability for some time. The Pistons had made the playoffs two years ago, in DeBusschere's rookie year, and were getting clobbered by the St. Louis Hawks. After their second loss in a row, several Pistons, including DeBusschere, joined McMahon at a local bistro. "Two more and we can all go home," McMahon recalls one of the players saying. "Man, am I ready to retire," said another. DeBusschere, meanwhile, sipped moodily at his beer, tried to squeeze the salt out of the salt shaker and said, "Jack, how the hell can we beat these s o b s?"

"I wasn't about to tell him," says McMahon, who was out of basketball that year but still owed allegiance to his old Hawk teammates. "But that kid worrying about how to salvage a lost cause really impressed me."

If the attitude of the rest of the NBA was reserved because of DeBusschere's age, there was unrestrained joy among the Piston players. The announcement was made at practice, and every player immediately took turns dunking the ball in the basket. "Even I dunked it," said stocky Don Butcher. "and I haven't even touched the rim in five years." Immediately the Pistons started to win games—five of their next seven. That bit of early foot, however, can be attributed to fresh enthusiasm and, when it was over, the Pistons began struggling again. DeBusschere then had to face up to the hard facts of coaching in the NBA.

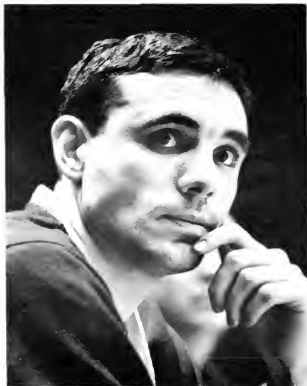
His first edict was to cut out solsthenics in practice. He introduced a note of levity into the heretofore grim procedure of traveling by pulling a harmonica from his pocket—after a losing game

—and playing such favorites as *Love Makes the World Go Round* but, *Baby, Mama Grooves the Wheels*. He appointed Butcher and Ray Scott as his brain trust to keep track of substituting players when DeBusschere was on the floor. All this was fine, but DeBusschere was stuck with old problems. The year before, the Pistons had signed center Reggie Harding, a high school drop-out whose attitude was so casual that he slept through three practices and missed a flight to Baltimore for a game with the Bullets. "Reggie," said DeBusschere,

"You sure haven't got your mind on basketball," and fined him \$500. Harding had never played a game in college, but he is seven feet tall and possesses an abundance of undisciplined talent. He was also woefully out of shape. DeBusschere tried that by running the big center until his eyes bulged. Eventually Harding began rushing to and fro on the court without so much as a puff.

Another early problem was Joe Caldwell, a quick 6-foot-5 jumping jack who returned from the Tokyo Olympics certain that he was the best thing that

continued on page 31



On the bench DeBusschere ponders strategy. When playing, he delegates authority to substitute

RAGGEDY GO AT THE GARDEN

Shampooed with cornstarch, Ch. Fezzwig Raggedy Andy came to the Westminster dog show last week, saw his peers and judges through his magnificent fringe, and after two nightmare days conquered—a little bit **by LIZ SMITH**

The Barbra Streisand of the dog world at the moment is a pert, black Scottish terrier bitch named Mamie. Under her stage name, Ch. Carmichael's Fanfare, Mamie won her Oscar, her Emmy and her Critics Circle Award last week when she was chosen best-in-show at the 89th running of The Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show in New York's Madison Square Garden. But even though Mamie turned out to be the star and got most of the resulting publicity, it was the supporting cast of 2,572 less-

heralded entries and *their* supporting army of harassed handlers and nervous owners that made the Westminster once again what it always has been—the greatest spectacle in the whole neurotic world of dog show biz.

"The Westminster is a prestige show, and you have to come to it," said one of the owners, Mrs. Hendrik Van Rensselaer of the Fezzwig Kennels in Basking Ridge, N.J. amid the howls, yowls and general confusions of the Garden basement. "Outdoor shows are much

nicer, calmer and quieter. This place puts a terrible strain on the dogs. It is hard to keep long-haired dogs groomed. The rules are very strict—no dog admitted after 11:30 a.m., no dog allowed to leave until 10 at night. No dog even allowed to leave its assigned slot on the bench except an hour before showing, when it can be groomed, or to relieve itself in the exercise pen. You spend two days and more in preparation just for a few moments in the ring. It is terrible, because you get stuck down in the Garden basement for two whole days."

Serena Van Rensselaer should know. She and her husband were there with two of the longest-haired dogs of all, one of them a 100-pound ball of seemingly shapeless fur named Ch. Fezzwig Raggedy Andy. It is one of the many injustices of the sport that Raggedy Andy's small triumph at Westminster did not even earn him a mention in *The New York Times*, but his contribution was as great as that of Mamie the Headliner, and his handlers and owners had to work and worry just as hard to provide it.

Not yet quite 5 years old, Raggedy Andy is already the winningest active Old English sheepdog in the land, the second-ranked in the working dog group and the fifth-ranked in Phillips ratings for all breeds. As heir apparent to his famed uncle, Ch. Fezzwig Ceiling Zero, a sheepdog who won more championships than any other in the world, Andy, between shows, lives a rich, full life with some 10 other sheepdogs on the red clay of his owners' six-acre estate.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer, a robust, good-looking young grandmother of five, had pulled Andy and his aunt, Ch. Fezzwig Phoebe, away from the clay a few days before she was to bring them both into the Garden. Phoebe was put in a clean-graveled shed, and Andy spent most of his time lolling happily in the family station wagon.

"It would be hopeless to try to keep these characters spotless all the time."

Looking as dignified as diplomats, the Fezzwigs and their master pause in hotel lobby.



Serena said, "They'll have their feet and their beards washed, their paws rounded with scissors and their tail plumes trimmed off. Then we'll scrape their teeth and brush them with baking soda, and give their coats a thorough cornstarching and brushing before they go into the ring on Tuesday morning." She paused for a moment, then added, "As a matter of fact, I'll try to make them look as good as possible for their long day at the Garden on Monday. The Westminster is rough because it is a show and we must be there to help draw the crowd and increase the gate."

On Sunday night Andy, Phoebe and the Van Rensselaers arrived, along with about 100 other exhibitors and their dogs, in the lobby of the Hotel Taft in midtown Manhattan. Phoebe stood on her hind legs at the desk and pawed the

register while her owners signed a statement that they would pay the hotel for any damage that might be done.

Next morning all four of the hotel guests, together with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McCabe and their two Fizzwig sheepdogs, drove through slushy streets to the Garden and its basement inferno. I went with them, and was immediately overcome by the searing smell of disinfectant and the noise yelps, screams, barks, howls, whimpers and cries—that bombarded us from every side. "This is nothing," said Hendrik. "It's still early. Wait until people start coming after work."

The four dogs were placed in nonpartitioned slots numbered 16, 17, 18, 19—the same numbers that would identify them in the show ring. "We used to keep the dogs in wire cages," said Serena, "so

people couldn't touch them, but they kept asking if the dogs were vicious, so now, for the reputation of the breed, we just let them sit out in the open and be mauled." Everybody, it seems, wants to touch a sheepdog.

A strip of blue carpet was rolled out for the dogs, and soon they slumped down, blandly ignoring their surroundings. Not so their owners. Serena began to have a fit because a sheepdog in a cage nearby had not been watered. "Someone probably shipped it to the show and it has been here all night with only some handler to look in on it," she said. "But we are forbidden to touch it, feed it or water it. One exhibitor might harm another's dog that way, you see. I suppose it's been known to happen, though I can't imagine it."

Other sheepdogs were arriving, with their face hair tied up in rubber bands. One had four black lisle stockings taped to his legs. "We tried all that. It doesn't help," shouted Serena over the barking bedlam. "Once I made oiled cloth boots for all the dogs and they wore them two seconds before removing them."

A man swept down the narrow aisle between the dogs and cold-shouldered the Van Rensselaers. He was another member of the Old English Sheepdog Club, which had been rent by a fierce feud some time back, although the feud was now all patched up. "But he still won't speak to us," said Serena, smiling. "Isn't that silly?" I told her I thought that kind of thing only happened among Pomeranian or poodle people. Serena laughed. "Are you kidding?" she asked. "All sheepdog owners are crazy."

The basement was filling up now, and somebody stopped to ask, "What kind of dog is that? How does it see?" "How do you tell the front from the rear?" asked another, and Serena smiled with amiable fortitude. A young couple asked if sheepdogs were a lot of trouble. "It depends on what you call trouble," said Mrs. Van R. Ignoring the signs saying DO NOT HANDLE DOGS, a lady in tight green slacks waddled up and pawed at Andy. "I just had to see him again," she explained. A man stopped to complain, "You win everything. I guess there are just too many Fizzwigs."

The confusion around the Fizzwig
continued

Acting like most new guests, Andy and his friends carefully inspect the hotel plumbing.



bench was fierce. Across the aisle a black Newfoundland wearing a towel marked wooms around its neck silently ate its dinner. An Irish wolfhound from a neighboring stall did not make it to the exercise pen and quietly relieved itself on the floor.

"We're liable to end up croppers tomorrow," said Serena. "The dogs are never going to look their best at 9.30 in the morning."

I began to wonder why in the world she and her husband put up with all this, Serena explained. "Thirty-three years ago we were given a sheepdog as a wedding gift, and we fell in love with the breed. In 1956 we bought our basic stud, Ch. Farleydene Bartholomew, in England, because we wanted to keep the breed alive. Then we started showing to illustrate and keep up the standard. There's just no way of maintaining quality without comparison. And if you show you have to go to Westminster."

She admitted that she hoped if Andy won best-of-breed the next day he would go on to win best-in-group (working) and then go on to best-in-show. "But I haven't much faith it will ever happen. Most judges only know a few breeds well, and sheepdogs are simply not popular. I'm not even sure I'd like to see them become popular. Anytime a dog wins best-in-show everybody rushes to cash in, and often inferior dogs result."

Back at the Taft, two hours after midnight, the Van Rensselaers washed the sooty paws of Andy and Phoebe in the hotel tub. "Next year I'm sure the Taft will ask us politely to go to the Midtown Motor Inn instead," Serena said later. At a nerve-shattering 6 they were up, and at 7 back in the Garden basement. Donning a tan smock, Serena began to give Andy the works. Like some great, docile Abominable Snowman, Andy submitted to the clouds of cornstarch applied by handfuls after his coat had been dampened with a sponge. Then his owner brushed him for an hour and a half, in layers, all the way down to the skin. "He has to have this dry cornstarch shampoo," she said between strokes. "Washing sheepdogs makes their coat too soft." She coughed. "It's a wonder we don't all have cornstarch pneumonia."

As though to make up for this slightly disloyal remark, Serena hastily began to extol the merits of the Old English sheepdog as a breed, brushing with every word. These animals—she said, in

effect—are the boy scouts of the dog world, having all the virtues, except, perhaps, reverence. They don't fight, they don't run away from home, they are protective of all creatures smaller than themselves, they make wonderful watchdogs and nursemaids, they are intelligent, friendly, affectionate, have a sense of humor and never hold a grudge. "Why, they don't even have a doggy smell or fleas," said Serena, smoking incessantly as she brushed and ignoring the fact that Andy was growing fluffier and more incendiary by the moment.

She turned him as if he were a sack of meal, washed and dried his head, exclaiming, "That was revolting." After an hour and a half the cornstarch, which really puts the oomph into the Old English, had stopped flying. "It has to be all out, every speck. Can't have it rising up like a powder puff in the judge's face."

Andy and his aunt were due to be shown in the ring by two professional handlers, Bob Forsyth and Jane Kamp, who were busy at the moment, one with an Afghan, one with a giant Schnauzer. "If the judges are slow on those dogs," said Serena, "Bob and Jane may not get through in time to handle Phoebe and Andy."

Was she nervous? "Always," she said, "but it is exciting, and the more gruesome it is the more tempting it is, somehow. Look, I've got the shakes. But my hands are so tired from grooming I think maybe I'm just musclebound. Look at this cornstarch all over—I should own stock. I don't even buy it wholesale, I go to the A & P and pick up dozens of these little boxes. They think I'm insane."

The loudspeaker screamed last call for Old English. One of the red-aproned handlers rushed up and seized Andy as Serena was washing off his nose so it would show up "large, black and capacious." The handler ran up the dark, dirty ramp, with the dog dangling like a bundle of fluff-dried laundry in his arms. We rushed after them.

Mr. Van R. was already there, his shoes white with cornstarch—he had groomed Phoebe. People crowded up to the ring. While Andy, Phoebe and five other sheepdogs waited to go in, Andy's white lead was picked up in the nick of time by a breathless Forsyth. Jane Kamp was trapped in another ring, so Phoebe had a substitute handler. Serena kept brushing at Andy, refusing to let him sit down for fear he would flatten his

BOB GLENN



A shampoo of dry cornstarch (above) is the main ingredient in Andy's beauty treatment





Named No. 1 sheepdog in the show Raggedy Andy and his handler, Bob Forsyth, get ready to pose for a picture with the breed trophy



"petticoat" and get his heels dirty. She even took a brush swipe at Phoebe but the handler snapped, "Stop picking at her—I've got to show her." Andy yawned, then the dogs went shuffling into the ring.

The next moments were a lifetime for everyone involved with Ferziwig Kennels. The judge, like all judges, was taciturn, noncommittal, seemingly almost irritated by his great responsibility. When his time to gait came, Andy really stepped out, and Forsyth handled him beautifully, encouraging him at the turns. "You see," whispered Serena, "Boh is so good with him."

Hendrik Van Rensselaer said slowly, "In my opinion, the judge is looking mainly at movement. He seems interested in gait and likes medium-sized dogs."

In the ring Andy stood still, poised to display the excellent traits of his breed—the perfect stance, with shoulders lower than hindquarters, the contrasting pigeon-blue and snowy-white colors, the square head and broad nose, beaklike behind and general cobby look. His fringe covered his eyes, but Serena said he has heavy, long eyelashes that can lift the hair up, allowing him to see by a sort of venetian blind effect. Phoebe went gaiting across the ring. "I-oolah Phoebe," said Serena fondly. "It's time for her to puddle on the judge's shoes like she did last year. Well, not bad for Phoebe."

The judge stopped for what seemed minutes, hand on chin. He made an almost imperceptible motion toward Andy. The crowd shrieked and applauded. Serena, still in her dusty smock, gave a long, indeterminate sighing sound and showed me her sopping wet palms. People crowded around to congratulate her, as Forsyth, Andy and the judge, standing by the blue-and-white disk marked No. 1, were photographed with the Old English Sheepdog Challenge Cup, a silver punch bowl. We went downstairs and back onto the benches. The trophy was placed alongside Andy for the duration of the show.

After midnight, when it was all over, the Van Rensselaers, who had spent a small fortune in vet, entry and handling fees, in hotel bills, garaging, traveling and care of their kennels in absentia, in equipment, preparation and—as a matter of pride—an expensive program ad, drove back to New Jersey bearing \$2,900 worth of purple raffen.

END

A 360-DEGREE VIEW OF LIFE

The most famous round house in the snow is the igloo. Warm and practical, it combines the maximum amount of space with the minimum amount of wall-building. On these pages are two round houses built for sport in snow country. Below is a hunting lodge complete with sauna in West Fairlee, Vt., and on succeeding pages is a cylindrical ski tower in Sun Valley, Idaho.



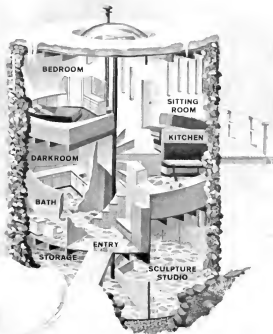
The lodge, 26 feet in diameter and 20 feet high, is owned by Jack Powell, who is a hunter in Vermont and a racing sailor in Florida. It is built of tank grade fir three and a half inches thick, encircled with sile hoops and kept in shape by a set of turnbuckles. The gray shutters close it up into a cylinder of wood. The semicircular living room (right) has a curved iron stairway, painted red, leading to two gallery bedrooms. Hunting on the 180 acres is mostly for woodcock and partridge, attracted by the old apple orchard and wild pear trees. White-tailed deer come down to the natural salt lick, and so does an occasional black bear.



CONTINUED



The circular ski tower above, built on a 100-foot square slope at the foot of a Sun Valley ski run, is the work of John M. Koppes of Ketchum, Idaho, who is his own architect, contractor, stonemason and carpenter. To create a medieval exterior he hauled 60 loads of stone out of the mountains. The heating system is simple and unusual and costs only \$175 a year: water piped from a natural hot spring a quarter mile away reaches the house at 165°. Until he broke a leg skiing, Koppes, who manufactures Scott ski poles for a living and makes wood sculptures in his spare time, did all the work himself. He built his bathtub, a trapezoid shape 6 feet long and 5 feet deep, by pouring concrete into a form, smoothing and patching the surface and painting it with epoxy paint. He made the fireplace out of an old boiler tank and built the furniture. Above, he is welcoming friends from the deck, and (right) supervising the last loads to his house in the round.



The stone walls of John Koppes' 25-foot-tall tower enclose a contemporary interior 24 feet in diameter, with five levels curving around a center stairway (above). Painted throughout in white, the inside walls and ceilings look like old adobe but in fact the walls are soft to the touch—they are made of insulating polyurethane foam. There are three entrances to accommodate varying depths of snow. Koppes' sculpture studio, a half circle on the first level, has a 10-foot ceiling and double doors opening onto an apron where he can work in the sun in summer. The second level is a half circle, the third and fourth levels (kitchen and sitting room) are quarter circles. The sitting room door opens onto a cantilevered deck made by extending the house beams of the fourth level. The bedroom forms a third of a circle on the fifth level. Arrow slit windows (26 of them) look out in all directions on the Idaho mountain landscape, and the tower is crowned by a domed skylight.



THE MOUTH AND THE MITT

Big Julie (above) is a horse lover, a horse lover, a big talker and the manager of Bigger Ernie Terrell. One or the other of them is going to fight Eddie Machen next week **by TEX MAULE**

Big Julie is a talker—not the oratorical kind, but compulsive, like the characters who show up around paddocks with racing programs in one hand, cigars in the other and enough advice to lose a thousand races. Julie's last name is Isaacson. He loves the track and cigars, but these are not his only sporting diversions. Occasionally he is also seen around the fights. This is because he has a boxer named Ernie Terrell, a very long and very pleasant young man who is quite a talker himself. Taken together, Big Julie and Bigger Ernie are engaging originals—and sometimes they are almost as good as they sound.

Terrell is 6 feet 6 inches tall, and he weighs about 200 pounds. On March 5 in Chicago he is fighting Eddie Machen for the heavyweight championship of the world—a title held at the moment, in the eyes of the world and everyone but Big Julie and the World Boxing Association, by Muhammad Ali-Cassius Clay. "I don't really win it until I beat Clay," said Julie the other day, using an I that meant we, in the manner of generals and field marshals. "I don't know I am going to get him in there with me."

Terrell is handsome and, in his quiet way, as outspoken and as confident as Clay. While Machen is the man he is meeting now, Cleveland Williams is the man he was supposed to fight before Williams was shot in the stomach during a hard disagreement with a policeman near Houston. Terrell repaired to Chicago to get himself ready for the fight against Machen not long ago and in search of guidance he called Big Julie, who, right then, was busy being president of the Electrical Novelty Workers Union Local No. 118 in New York.

"Hi, Julie," he said. "I can't train in this YMCA, because the ring is right up against the wall. I get hit in the head on the ropes, my head hits the wall and I don't like that."

"So?" Big Julie hollered, loud enough for people to hear it in Chicago without the phone. "You got to fight, not me. So find a good place."

"O.K.," Ernest said. "Any place?"
"Money don't matter," Big Julie ho-
lered. "You be happy."

Terrell moved out of the YMCA the
next day, and Big Julie went from New
York to Miami Beach.

"I don't think I know enough about
boxing to bug my fighter all the time,"
he said a day or so later, studying a
racing form at Hialeah. "What I do, I
get the best trainer I can get, I let him
get the fighter ready. Am I going to tell
him how to fight? I don't know. So I
stay away from the training camp, I get
very nervous too, three days before the
race—I mean the fight. This No. 4 horse
gets out of the gate fast, it can't miss."

Big Julie has been on a diet and he is
not so big anymore. He used to weigh
250-odd pounds, but now he is under
230 and he looks trim.

While Big Julie was handicapping
horses, Terrell was boxing in his new
location in Chicago, an armory which had
been converted into a gymnasium. It was
cold in the armory, and there were only
a few people watching him. He boxed
two rounds against a light heavyweight
named Allen Thomas, then two more
against an overblown heavyweight
named O. C. Talbert. He used his left
hand very well; his left jab is genuinely
strong and straight and it found the light
heavyweight often, and although deliv-
ered with less than its full force, knocked
the 225-pound heavyweight off balance.
Once Terrell used 23 straight left hands
before throwing a right.

"Something wrong with your right
hand?" a member of his small audience
asked him when the sparring was over.
A polite man, Terrell reassured him with
a negative shake of the head. Then he
said, "The right hand is dangerous to
throw. I don't use it until I know where
it is going."

At Hialeah, Big Julie marked his pro-
gram and nodded.

"I got to find Joe Louis," he said.
"He's here somewhere. I know him, like
I know lots of big athletes. Me, Big
Julie from Brownsville in Brooklyn, used
to shine shoes for lots of people. Now

I know people like Roger Maris and
Whitey Ford and Carmen Basilio. I got
a den named the Carmen Basilio Room
because I like Carmen so much. I want
to name another room the Roger Maris
Room, but my wife don't think so much
of the idea. Roger, he's my best friend.
He tells people I'm his best friend. How
come they bad-mouth him?"

For those who doubt Julie's word, he
really is Maris' best friend.

At the cold armory, Terrell finished

his workout. He weighed out at 198
pounds and shook his head.

"I'm too light," he said. "I'd like to
come in at 205. I can carry that." He is
built very thin, like a jockey. His waist
is small and so are his hips, his legs are
slender and he is slightly knock-kneed.
But, as with most successful athletes,
there are pluses in his build. His chest
and shoulders and arms are very strong.

He went away to dress, as Talbert,
a powerful-looking man who was a good



continued

club fighter in the mid-'50s, watched. "That's a tough left hand," he said. "It don't stomp it hurt. I'm making a comeback. I was good and I been in construction work. I think if I got time, I time that left hand, *blow!* He don't hardly never use the right hand. You notice?"

The 4 horse sat in the gate at Hialeah, and by the time it started to run, it was far too late.

"I told myself a long time, don't bet that jock even if the race is over and the official sign is up and his horse win and I got a license to bet all the \$2 tickets I want to after the race is over." It was Big Julie speaking again, bitterly. "How can I be so uneducated?" he asked in an anguished growl. He threw away his ticket and started the long walk back to the paddock.

"I'll go to Chicago about two weeks before the fight," Big Julie said. "That Terrell is a good man. Last year there's this fight in St. Louis. It ain't really a fight, it's a program for maybe 10 charities—Jewish, Protestant, Catholic, 10 charities, one way or another. So they want Ernie to fight, they give me a contract for \$3,000. They got George Jessel, Tony Martin, all kinds of big stars. So the priest gives me the contract, says \$3,000, and I look at it and I say, 'How much these big stars gonna get?' and he says, 'Nothing.' So I sign the contract, then I tear it up and I say, 'Write it again for \$1.'"

Big Julie halted and stared at his companion. Julie is dark, but his eyes are light blue and they express something his heavy voice cannot when he is exercised. "So I fight there," he said. "I'm fighting some bum and I win, and when it is over, I tell Ernie, I say, 'You go out there and tell them next year you gonna come back as the heavyweight champion of the world and you gonna fight for that same dollar. And he did and all them famous people got up and stood on their feet and they give him a standing ovation.'"

He shook his head in admiration of both Big Julie and Ernie.

"Then he took out his guitar and he played them three songs and Bob Hope come on and he said, 'How am I going to follow a man like that? Can't only fight, but can play the guitar and sing.'"

Back in Chicago, Terrell was dressed

and ready to leave the gym. He wore an elegant light-brown suit and he stopped for a moment to talk to some of his brothers. He is one of 10 children—there are seven boys and three girls in the family. His father owned a 60-acre farm in Mississippi until Ernie was 12, then moved his family to Chicago so that the children could get a better education.

"Come on up to my room," Ernie said softly. "We can play a little music."

"I know Ernie don't throw the right hand enough," Big Julie said, studying his racing form. "He can knock you cold with the left, so he use the left a lot. But he knocked out Bob Foster with the right hand, so he got a good right, no matter what they say. If he just use it more. This No. 2 horse, if it can get out of the gate, it can't lose."

He walked over to a group of jockeys' agents and began to shoot the breeze, which with Big Julie is something more like working up a sale. He has a thing about betting on Bob Ussery because Ussery is a neighbor of his on Long Island. He was looking for someone to tout him on Ussery's horse and he had no trouble finding his man.

"He gets a horse out fast," the informant said, in answer to several loud and leading questions.

When the race started, Ussery's horse was counting flamings on the Hialeah infield. It lost. Walking back to the paddock, Big Julie tried to forget the race.

"I got a big mouth," he said. "So I know it. I don't mind. I got three terms high school, I'm president of a union local. I made the local myself. But I want my fighters to get educated. I miss it. I don't laugh at educated people the way some do. I had Billy Daniels. He beat Clay. They give the decision the wrong way, and it took eight cops to keep me off them. But I paid Daniels' way through school. He went through barber school, now he's got rent property, got his own barber shop, he don't have to worry. Ernie, he's got his muscle. And he's confident, too. Not big mouth, like me. Confident."

On the way to the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel, Terrell went over the current crop of heavyweights.

"I got to rank me first," he said seriously. For all his quiet mannerisms, there is nothing bashful or backward about Ernie Terrell, who is, in this one sense, as articulate an appreciator of his own

skills as Big Julie. "The next best is got to be Sonny Liston. After him come Williams. Clay I don't figure better than 4 and Patterson is No. 5. Eddie Machen, No. 6. Zora Folley, No. 7. Then the German—what is his name? Müldenberger? Maybe so. Anyway, he the 9. I left out 8, but that George Chivalo, And Billy Daniels 10."

He settled himself uncomfortably in the back seat of the car, trying to find room for his long legs.

"They is no way for Machen to fight me," he said. "Only way he wind up even, he don't even get in the ring."

"Patterson don't have nothing left. No way possible for him to beat me. I don't think he would ever accept a fight with me. Whatever he can do I can do better. I got too much height for one thing. He couldn't ever reach me. I could take advantage of my advantage with him."

Big Julie was talking to a jockey's agent at Hialeah. But for once he was unnaturally quiet, his face cast in serious bronze. He came back away from the agent studying his program.

"No. 2 horse gets out of the gate, it gonna walk in," he said. "Probably pay \$9 and change."

He marked his program and looked up at the big board near the paddock which flickered with the late odds changes.

"Patterson," he said. "How can you figure the Garden giving him the big shot? Second time he fought there in what? Six year? I ain't ever going to fight in the Garden again. They don't give my fighters a break, I ain't going to give them a break. How do I need the Garden? They's lots of other places in the country to fight. Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia. Lots of places. I don't need the Garden. I ain't in this business for money. I'm in it because I like fighters. I like athletes. I was a pitcher for seven years in the Dodger farm system. I was a kid and I didn't know from what to do. I mean now, I know what I do, I would of been serious. Then, I was a cocky kid. Durocher, he liked me because I was cocky. But I wasn't serious enough. Now, I'd be serious. But that ain't what we been talking about. I don't like the Garden, I don't like Patterson. I figure him a cancer on boxing. Never fought the good ones coming up. He did more to hurt boxing than anyone."

Terrell was getting out of the car in Chicago. The weather was unseasonably

continued



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Join up...Join in



warm, and he carried his overcoat on his arm. "I got the advantage on Clay, too," he said. "When he lean back with both hands down to get away from a shot at his head, the short man, he can't reach him. But I'm taller than he is. I can reach him with the left hand. Maybe with the right. Either one, it gonna hurt him bad."

He hauled out the case carrying his guitar and tucked it under his arm. "Patterson and Clay," he said. "I call them wetback champions. They was smuggled in as champions. Didn't fight me, didn't fight Cleveland Williams. Didn't fight any real good fighters. Had to be smuggled up to the championship."

His brothers and a sister and friends came with him, and he went to a small suite in the Sheraton-Chicago, headquarters for the fight. Terrell's background is different from that of most fighters. His father, the Mississippi farming days long since behind him, now makes a fairly comfortable living as a silverplater in Chicago. "I never been hungry in my life," he says. "We always had enough."

At Huleah, Big Julie placed his bet and walked out to watch the horses being led into the gate. "This horse don't like to get in the gate early," he said. "Man told me they going to lead him in last. He's a horse like I was a boy—itchy. In Brownsville I didn't have no easy shot when I was a kid I shined shoes, worked on a bagel truck, delivered groceries. I shined shoes for guys like Abe Reles, who got his out a Coney Island window, Pittsburgh Phil Strauss, Duke Maffettore, Dasher Abbandando, guys like that. Tough guys. I didn't know who they was, but I knew they was tough. Then I played baseball and for some time I put eyes in dolls in a doll factory. I was athletic director in the Catskills. I done all kind of things. But I loved athletes, not hoodlums. I could of gone the wrong way. You got to have movie to go the right way. A Jewish kid from Brownsville."

In Chicago, Terrell was unlimbering his guitar. It is a beautiful instrument, hooked up to a glittering amplifier and to loudspeakers. He touched the strings of the guitar and began to sing. His voice is baritone and pleasing, and the song he sang was one of the 50-odd he has written. This one was called *Dear Abby* and was directed to Abigail Van Buren, writer of the column for the love-

jorn, asking her advice on what to do about a lost love.

"I don't know much about his singing," Julie said at Huleah. "I know he conked me out of the amplifier just before the fight with Doug Jones. He come to me in the hotel the afternoon of the fight and say, 'Julie, come for a walk!'"

"Gid outa here," I told him. "I ain't fighting. You're fighting. I don't feel like a walk."

"Julie," he says, in that quiet mouth, "I got something to show you." "I don't want to see it," I said. "Tell me what is it."

"But he won't tell me and he won't tell me, and finally I say I ain't going with, no matter what, and he says he sees this amplifier in the window and he wants to buy it. 'How much?' I ask him, thinking nine, 10 dollars, who is that going to hurt?"

"A hundred and fifty," he tells me and I like to go out of my mind. But he was very serious, and I figure this way about a fighter. If he is unhappy, he ain't no good to me or to him or to anyone else. I got maybe \$20,000 in Terrell so what is a yard and a half? So, O.K., I say to him, "You get it for a hundred and it's yours." I give him the hundred. A friend of mine goes with him and sure enough he gets it, for a hundred."

Terrell's family is not one that would be called musical. That is, his parents did not surround the children with music or training. They had neither themselves, any more than they had an ancient Mississippi boxing background to hand on to their offspring. But there is definite talent—more, perhaps, than Ernie realizes.

"They is only four of us is musical," he said. "Me, J. C., Leonard and Jean. And I didn't study about the guitar until just before a fight maybe four years ago. I didn't have anything to do in training camp, and I bought a second-hand guitar and fooled around with it. I never studied music, but I like it. I got a group called the Astronauts, we play spots around in Chicago. And I want to make some tapes and see if I can sell them. Fighting for me is just a way up. When I get through, I want to go to college, get me a business. I don't know what business; maybe music."

He began to sing, and Jean and Leonard and J. C. joined him, the voices

blending cleanly. The song was one of his own and it sounded like folk music, not rock 'n' roll. The long fingers of his left hand flickered easily over the frets and the right hand strummed the strings.

Julie was on his way back to his seat to watch the race, sure that Ussery's mount was a shoo-in. Suddenly, he stopped.

"There's Joe," he said and walked over to intercept Joe Louis. Louis looks fit, but old. He greeted Julie warmly. They moved aside to talk privately for a moment, then Julie came back.

"I got him," he said. "He's going to come to Chicago, show Ernie how to throw that right hand. With the left he got, if he can throw a right like Louis, he's gonna be the champion for sure. I don't see how I can miss. I'm gonna be the next heavyweight champion. Me, the kid from Brooklyn."

In Chicago, Leonard, the youngest of the Terrell children, took over the guitar and played hesitantly, but well. Most of the Terrell boys are tall—Ernie is the tallest—but Leonard, at 15, is not. As he played and Jean, the youngest sister, sang in a voice as clear and melodious as Joan Baez, Ernie pondered his chances for getting a match with Clay.

"If Liston win, I'm gonna be all right," he said. "Liston will fight me. But I told you, Patterson don't want any part of Terrell. And here's what Clay gonna do. He got to fight Liston. If he beat Liston, he's trying to con that poor Patterson into the ring with him. When he beat Patterson, you think he gonna fight me? I don't. I imagine Clay will go to the graveyard and try to dig someone else to fight."

Leonard gave him back the guitar and Ernie started another song. Big Julie's horse, with Ussery up, was leading by four lengths as it turned into the stretch. Another horse made a run at it, and Ussery went to the whip. As he tried to change the whip from one hand to the other, he dropped it and then lost the reins. As he grabbed for them, he caught only one. The horse behind came on strong and caught Ussery's in the stretch. Sadly, Julie tore up his ticket. "Got left in the gate," he said, speaking as much for himself as for those around him. "Then the man got to drop his whip."

He started to leave the track and stopped. "I better get to Chicago early," he said. "I got to make sure Ernie gets off his stool in a hurry."

AND

LITTLE PAL ON THE DEAD RUN



THE STRIPED SHIRT GOES ON OVER LONG JOHN'S AND SALVE

A naturalist friend of mine claims that the real thrill of locating a rare creature is not in stumbling on it by accident but in knowing its habits so well that you can go to the place where it should be and find it there. Thus there was a certain satisfaction in first meeting Lennie Wirtz in his proper niche, leaning on a reservations counter at the Greater Cincinnati Airport, Boone County, Kentucky.

Wirtz is a tiny man, 5 feet 4, who looks very much like Hubert Humphrey must have when he was 35. Lennie's sage—a lot of forehead, chin motion and quick eyes. "Pal, we are all set," Lennie said, waving a fistful of airline tickets (3,000 miles' worth). All men—airline clerks, cab drivers, basketball players, even such frequent antagonists as coaches—are "pal" to this smiling little man, Little Friend of All the World, they called him in the Lahore bazaar. That is Lennie Wirtz, Kim in a black-and-white-striped shirt. And what he had us "all set" for was one frantic week in the life of that peripatetic sports figure, the college basketball referee. In six consecutive days everybody's pal was going to officiate six major basketball games. His stops would be Iowa City, Iowa, Bowling Green, Ky., Charlottesville, Va., New York, Washington and Ann Arbor,

Few men in sport move faster than Lennie Wirtz, a college basketball official who dashes breathlessly from airport to airport to meet his schedule but still saves enough wind to tweet on that whistle

by BIL GILBERT

the teams would include three of the country's top 10, and there was not a gym on the route where the spectators—given the least cause—would hesitate to let it be known all the way to Lahore that Lennie Wirtz was no pal of theirs.

"Pal," Lennie said, "there are two things about officiating you've got to think about, travel and crowds. If either one begins to get to you real bad it is time to put your whistle away. Crowds you can see for yourself this week. Travel—I can tell you anything you want to know. If I am a professional anything, I am a professional traveling man."

This claim cannot be disputed. Wirtz is an accredited basketball official in five collegiate conferences—Big Ten, Mid-American, Ohio Valley, Southern and Atlantic Coast—and he works some 40 games a season. In March he turns to his other job, director of the Ladies Professional Golf Association tour. Between following the basketball boys and the golf girls, he logs something better than 100,000 miles a year, and they are not easy miles. Getting from an Iowa City after the final horn of one game to a Bowling Green before the opening whistle the next night is no commuter run. But in 13 years Wirtz had yet to miss a game.

We were hardly airborne out of Cincinnati that night when Lennie put on a big pair of black gloves. "Great, huh, pal?" he said. "The ref is blind, just like they say. Actually, I do it to rest my eyes. If they get tired I'm in trouble. The gloves are a little thing, but you've got to think of little things. Maybe it shouldn't come from me, but I'll tell you, the officials I know take these games as seriously as the coaches or players." In Wirtz's case being a serious official includes a daily mile of roadwork during the off season, daily callisthenics and a weekly cover-to-cover reading of his bible, the *Manual of Basketball Officiating*.

"We got to be able to run with the kids," he says, "to be there when the call's got to be made. I couldn't coach a team, and I sure can't play anymore, but when I blow that whistle I want to be right—as right as you can be. An official that says he's never messed one is out of his head or kidding you. Even when you call a good game there's maybe one or two you worry about afterward. If you really pull a rock you want to crawl under the floor."

"Then there's the other kind—you make the big call when it should be made. Last year we got a close Big Ten game with a minute or so to go and I blow an offensive foul on the home team. It was a good call, but this coach is up like he's been rocket-launched. After the game he's still purple. He says, 'Lennie, you stole that one from me, you stole it.' But, you know, after he'd seen the film I got a note from that guy. He said I was right, and he'd take me for his games any night, if not for my brains at

least for my guts. It's things like this that make it. The money isn't that much. When it stops being fun there won't be enough money to get me out on the floor."

At Chicago's O'Hare air terminal, Lennie changed planes and met Red Strauthers, a former Miami University (Ohio) classmate who was going to help work the Iowa-Wisconsin game that night. Strauthers was a living if somewhat weary example of why big-time basketball officials claim they earn their money—\$50 to \$100 per game, plus expenses, depending on the conference—if not on the court, then in getting to it. He is the business manager of a Dayton auto agency and had left his desk at noon to meet Wirtz in Chicago. Following the game that night, he would fly back from Iowa to Chicago and sit until 5 in the morning at O'Hare waiting for a Dayton plane that would get him home and to his desk by 8 a.m. The next night he would be working a small college game in Ohio.

The three of us flew to Cedar Rapids, and then drove to Iowa City. At the motel Lennie asked the clerk for a quiet room. "We're the officials for the game tonight," he said. This announcement was received with a long stare of the kind that undoubtedly greeted traveling hangmen in merry old Nottingham. Then the room keys were handed over.

One of the imperatives in the schedule of most basketball referees is an afternoon nap. In Lennie's case, panic seems to set in if he finds himself in an upright position at 4 o'clock. "Pal, all you got to do is sit in the stands. I got to run with those kids. I need that sack time."



FAST-SPRINTING LENNIE CAN'T LET THE GAME OUTPACE HIM

While Lennie took his nap, I talked to the head coach at Iowa, Ralph Miller, who looks like a TV sheriff and discusses basketball like a Supreme Court justice delivering a decision. "I believe," says Miller judiciously, "that officiating is good, about as good as we can expect it to be, but," and there was a long before-the-final-verdict pause, "this game is too fast, too complex for two men to control."

Shortly thereafter the two middle-aged men entrusted with the night's action rose bright-eyed from their naps and commenced their pregame ritual. After a steak chased with tea, they drove to the Iowa field house. Though tickets are issued to them, striped-shirt men seldom have to use them, door guardians apparently believing that not even the lowest sort of gate-crasher would sink to impersonating an official. "Hey, pal, where can the officials go?" Lennie asked an Iowa student manager. Again there was the long stare, and a certain twitching of the lips as though some answer other than "over there" was contemplated.

In their cubicle, more or less safely hidden behind the training room, Lennie and Red lathered their legs with hot analgesic ointment and then each pulled on a pair of woolen long johns. So encased, they began to glow immediately and noticeably. "Those kids," Lennie panted, "warm up on the floor. They'd laugh us out of the place if we came in and ran up and down for 10 minutes blowing our whistles. So we wear an instant warmer-upper."

The symbol of Lennie's calling is the official's whistle. Both he and Red pocketed a pair of Acme Thunderers, a model favored both for its rich tone and plastic mouthpiece. "It's softer than metal, in case someone shoves it into your teeth," said Red. Why two of them? "Just in case. I worked one time with a kid, his first college game. We're waiting by the table for the hall. He reaches up and then gets this sick look. No whistle."

"The Big Ten's got an observer at every game watching us," said Lennie, "and I get low marks on how I blow this thing. They like that long tweeeet Red gives them. I got this habit of going tweet, tweet, tweet."

At Iowa, Red Strauthers was designated the referee, Lennie Wirtz the umpire (about the only difference is that the referee tows up the first ball). The tap was taken by Wisconsin, and Lennie sprinted along the far sideline, hooked under the basket Iowa was defending and took up his station on the backline as the "under" official. As he did so, Strauthers followed downcourt, behind the play. A two-man officiating crew works the court as though an imaginary line divided the floor diagonally into two long triangles. An official can call a violation wherever he sees it but is primarily responsible for play in his triangle. As the play reverses, so do the positions of the officials. The under man then trails the play, while his partner, whose triangle is based on the backcourt line at the opposite end of the court, goes under the basket. They switch sides and triangles automatically after each foul call.

Concentrating on basketball officials at work requires a willingness to ignore what other spectators are watching—the progress of the game. But in the case of this Iowa-Wisconsin game the shift in viewpoint did not involve much of a sacrifice. Both teams seemed to lack finesse, Wisconsin lacking more than Iowa. At one point seven of the 10 players on the floor were thrashing around in a pile at midcourt.

continued

Presumably all were looking for the ball, which had rolled somewhat to the left of the melee. The two officials stood aloof from the catch-as-catch-can proceedings while the crowd screamed at them to call a foul on somebody from Wisconsin, naturally, for something.

What with the confusion on the floor, it was not long before one of the oldest cries of the basketball fan was heard: "Ref, you need glasses." "I never hear that one anymore," Lennie said later. "They are just part of the noise. A guy has really got to have a pair of lungs and something special to yell before he gets to you. Next to bad eyes, rabbit ears are the worst thing an official can have." Toward the end of the first half one of the many loose balls took a freak bounce and caught Lennie, the under official, full in the face. Gales of laughter swept over the stands. ("They pay their money," Lennie said. "They're entitled to their kicks.") Nobody got much more of a kick out of the game, as Iowa won by 30. I counted whistles instead of points. Straubers beat Wirtz 52 long, clear tweets to 48 tweet, meet, tweets.

"Is that all?" Red asked wearily, when told, "I felt like I was blowing that thing all evening long." Both officials were dripping wet and had the look of men who have had a hard night. "When it gets sloppy," said Lennie, "you got to watch it close or it'll turn rough. One boy gives an elbow by accident, but the next time around he gets it back with interest, on purpose."

Lennie Wirtz and the dejected Wisconsin contingent met



AN OFFICIAL'S MOTIONS COMPOSE AN INCISIVE BALLET. SPREAD

on the way out of the field house. "Good game, Lennie," said John Erickson, the Wisconsin head coach, shaking the official's hand. "You got a ride?"

"I'm all set, but thanks," said Lennie. "Tough tonight."

"I thought we'd do better," Erickson said to no one in particular, and he walked slowly out into the Iowa night.



AIRPORTS HAVE THE RESTAURANTS THAT BEFS KNOW BEST

The thing that makes basketball coaches different from people was the subject of conversation early the next evening in a restaurant outside Bowling Green. We had reached this oasis by completing a quick 750-mile reverse pivot from Iowa City to Cedar Rapids by car, to Chicago and then Nashville by plane and to Bowling Green overland, driven by Art Guepe, the commissioner of the Ohio Valley Conference. In Nashville the party was reinforced by Roy Stout, who had come up from a Mississippi State game the night before to handle the Western Kentucky-Murray State action with Wirtz.

Since the seminar was devoted to coaches and took place in Bowling Green, it automatically turned to Ed Diddle, the remarkably successful and colorful gentleman who, until his retirement last year, had directed the Western Kentucky teams since 1922.

"He's a great old man," said Stout. "I got him one night and he's on me bad, I come by the bench and he says, 'Mr. Referee, you're not ever going to work for me again. Not ever, Mr. Referee.' I told him I guessed I would just have to get all my ticks in during the next 22 minutes while I still had the whistle. He busted out laughing."

Mr. Diddle aside (the retired coach now presides from a box seat on the floor where he serves as a cheerleader, second coach and third official), basketball has a lot going for it in Bowling Green. The new field house, E. A. Diddle Arena, rises bright, light and handsome over the college town, the crowds are enthusiastic but manterly and the cheerleaders pretty. The basketball game was the closest of



ARMS AND POINTING FINGERS SIGNIFY ONE-AND-ONE FOUL SHOT

the week and the best. You could tell that the fans knew the difference between a hack and a hot dog.

At one critical point the dazzling line of Western Kentucky girls streamed onto the floor and began to lead a cheer built around the exhortation, "Give them hell, Western." The girls were met when they returned to their seats by a courtly member of the Western Kentucky faculty. "I just don't believe you all have considered how that sounds," he said. "Lovely young ladies cursing in public!" The lovely young ladies cast down their eyes and thereafter laid off the give-them-hell hit.

The crucial officiating moment came with less than three minutes remaining. Stewart Johnson, a 6-foot-8 Murray pivot man who had kept his team in the game with 15 field goals, drew his fifth personal foul on an illegal-pick call made under the basket by Roy Stout. With Johnson sobbing on the bench, Western Kentucky went on to win 71-70.

Later, in the officials' room, Stout had no doubts about the call. "I was there, the boy picked him. I'll make a call like that every time. You don't know how many fouls the boy has, how many points he has scored. All you know is you see a foul, and you blow the whistle."

In contrast to the air of exasperation after the wild Iowa-Wisconsin game of the night before, both Stout and Wirtz were obviously pleased with this one. "Pal," said Lennie, "I'll work one like this every night. They wanted to play ball. You can give them a good game."

On the way back to Nashville that night Wirtz asked Stout if he had heard about the official who had been scheduled to work a University of Kentucky game a few days before. He arrived in Lexington nice and early and was parked outside the Kentucky gym, listening to his car radio. The announcer said that in an hour he would broadcast the Kentucky game—from Freedom Hall in Louisville. The aghast official drove the 75 miles from Lexington to Louisville in an hour, but even so the game was delayed, and 17,000 waited while he got into his striped shirt.

"You have nightmares about being in the wrong place," said Lennie. "It's a what-do-you-call-it—a phobia." As things turned out, it was also almost a speak-of-the-devil phobia. Early the next afternoon—it's Wednesday now, but days and motel rooms and baggage checks and steak sandwiches are becoming a blur—Lennie and I sat in Washington's National Airport waiting to go to Charlottesville where he was going to work the University of Virginia-North Carolina State game. In *The Washington Post* was the night's Atlantic Coast basketball schedule. Virginia at North Carolina State, it said. I informed Lennie.

"Cut it out, pal. That's not funny. Let me see that thing," Lennie said nervously.

The plane was now being called, so there was nothing to do but hope for a typographical error. "I know I'm right. It's in my book. I know it's there," Lennie kept muttering as the plane skimmed over the Blue Ridge to Charlottesville. He was right.

Charlottesville is one of those places where the crowd takes part in the game. Unlike the Western Kentucky coeds, the gentlemen of Virginia cast not their eyes down, nor do they blush. Their picturesque speech and the patter of thrown cups, scorecards and heavier objects have made the Charlottesville gym one of the notable snake pits of the Atlantic Coast Conference.

"You should have seen what we [the crowd] did to Billy Cunningham [a North Carolina All-American basketball

continued



DECISION THAT BALL GOES DOWNCOURT SENDS CHEERER UP

player). We got him good," a Virginian proudly told me in a soft Tidewater drawl. "They grabbed him on the sidelines, shoved him, spit on him," said George Conley, who had worked the game in question and was also Lennie Wirtz's partner for the North Carolina State game. "I told Cunningham I'd throw anybody out I could catch, but how are you going to call them in the stands? There's enough happening on the floor."

The crowd abused Conley and Wirtz for 40 minutes without drawing a response, but eventually a North Carolina State zone press rattled Virginia more than the Virginia crowd hothotter State. The visitors won by six points, and Lennie had earned his \$80. By now I knew the etiquette of making postgame calls on basketball coaches—see the winner first, it's safer. I found Press Maravich, the N.C. State coach, understandably hospitable despite his ulcers, which he treats by chewing tobacco. "If I win by a tenth of a point up here I'm happy," he said. "Tough place to officiate, too, I suppose. I'll tell you one thing that Lennie calls them the same way at both ends of the court."

The loser, Virginia's Bill Gibson, was more cryptic. "I've never seen that Wirtz before," he said, "but I'll say this: George Conley always works a good game."

On Thursday night Davidson College of the Southern Conference was meeting New York University of the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference in Madison Square Garden, and Lennie came up from Charlottesville as the "Southern Conference man" to work with Steve Honzo of the ECAC.



EXPRESSIVE LENNIE MAKES A POINT FIRMLY DURING TIME-OUT

"How should I know why they assign me?" Lennie asked rhetorically. "I guess they want to see a familiar face in the big city. All I know is that the courts are all 94 by 50 feet, Charge, pack, back. They look the same on Eighth Avenue as they do in Iowa City."

While the Big Town and the big arena did not appear to create any emotional problems for Lennie, they did for Davidson. Despite Lennie's familiar face and whistle and their own high national ranking (now fifth), the Davidson team, making the school's first basketball appearance in New York, had a bad case of twitching tummy. Fred Hetzel, the big Davidson pivot man who is one of the year's collegiate stars, was timid, and under the boards two equally large but less-publicized and less-tense NYU players rapped him smartly and handled him well. The presence of Hetzel brought up the question of whether or not officials are influenced by pregame reputations of either teams or individuals.

"No," said Lennie. "You can't anticipate calls. It's not what they've done, it's what they do the night you got them. Hetzel I've seen before, and I remember him not because he's such a hot shot but because he is a real nice boy. He puts out the whole way, but he hardly ever opens his mouth. When a boy like that does say something, he may have a point. Some of them are different—always testing you. I'm working in the Midwest once and one of them's got a real ace. He's with the pros now. His team gets fouled not this kid—but he's the one that steps up to take the free throw. I said, 'Pal, here's the ball, but if you shoot it, it's a technical. What are you trying to pull?' He gives it a big grin. 'Just seeing if you know, baby,' he says."

"There's another one, he's always giving it that big 'who me?' act when you nail him. One night he really raps this other kid, sends him halfway up the bleachers, but it's, 'Who me, ref?', when I tell him to put up his hand. 'Pal,' I say, 'I may be blind, but I'm not deaf.' All you need is ears to call that kind."

Nervous Davidson eventually got the job done, and calm Lennie got his done, too. Madison Square Garden had been just like Iowa City. But the next morning was different. It broke foggy over Manhattan, and Lennie woke with travel jitters. "This is the kind of day they close down that La Guardia," he said. "I'm going to call the bus and train first, just in case. Let's get out of this town, quick." As it turned out, things were not quite that bad. By nap time Lennie was safely hedged down in a hotel room a mile or so from where George Washington was to play West Virginia. It is to be hoped he slept well, because four hours later he was a smallish man attempting to stand very tallish while several thousand George Washington fans shouted the kind of things that would chill a fellow right through his long underwear and liniment. With 30 seconds left and West Virginia down by three and surely beaten, Lennie had called a charging foul against GW. This put West Virginia in the game again. There was bedlam, but Wirtz stood unperturbed at the foul circle as though listening to soothing music. A quip made earlier in the week was recalled: "If a conference dumps me, pal, it's going to be for the ones I call, not the ones I don't see. I'll go out with the

whistle blowing." The whole hullabaloo lasted no longer than it took for George Washington to win anyway, and it was back to the Washington airport, the fourth visit there in three days, and a midnight flight to Ypsilanti, Mich.

"Pal, we're home," said Lennie the next afternoon, speaking figuratively of the Big Ten and waving an expansive hand at the 9,000 fans jammed into the field house in Ann Arbor for the 2 o'clock Michigan-Illinois game. "It's old," Lennie said of the cavernous gymnasium, "but it still looks good to me. Even that floor on stilts." (The Ann Arbor court is raised a foot or so above the cinders of the field house.) "Once I was working on another of these up-in-the-air jobs. I'm the lead official. I hook under the basket and look around for my partner. I don't see him at all. He'd fallen off the floor. The kids in the stands had caught him and wouldn't let him back. We had to sort of bargain with them."

Everything about basketball at Michigan these days is very big—crowds, national ranking (No. 1) and the players. Buntin, Russell, Tregoning, Darden, Poney are not only high but wide enough to create a fair zone defense by just standing still on the court. "Lennie," a friend said before the game, "if you get trapped between two of those boys, all they'll find is your whistle."

"I'm little but I'm shifty," Lennie said. "You know, I've only been caught good once. Dave DeBusschere, when he was playing in college in Detroit, came into me on the blind side of a pivot. If he hadn't had good reflexes and held me up, I'd have landed in Windsor."

A few moments later, after an offensive foul had been called on Cazzie Russell, the darling of the Michigan crowd, a student stood up at the edge of the floor and shouted, "Ref, if you had another eye you'd be Cyclops," hardly the kind of remark to address to that fleet-footed pillar of Mount Healthy, Ohio, Leonard Wirtz. Shortly thereafter, when Russell drew another foul, Dave Strack, the Michigan coach, turned and began to hammer the bench with his fists. He drew a long look from the officials but no technical foul, splintering the bench apparently not being regarded as "an indication of protest." By and large, however, it was not an ornery crowd, since Michigan led most of the way. Both teams did very well at what they did best: Illinois running and Michigan rebounding. At the end Michigan had jumped six points better than Illinois ran. With the final horn, Lennie Wirtz was off the floor, through the crowd and heading for the dressing room like a forward driving in for a layup. His intention was to get to Detroit's Metropolitan Airport in 45 minutes, return to Mount Healthy that night and spend a full day at home. On Monday he was leaving for St. Louis, and then Richmond.

"Pal," Lennie asked, stuffing his striped shirt into his bag and closing it, all in one practiced motion, "how many whistles was it for the week?"

After a six-game, six-day, 3,000-mile tour such valuable information requires some computation, I said.

"Write me a letter, pal. That plane isn't going to wait."

There were 249 tweet-tweet-tweets, Lennie. Blow that once through your Acme Thunderer, pal.

END



PEOPLE

For those who may have forgotten that **Buddy Hackett** is appearing in a Broadway show, he has had 1,000 golf balls especially prepared as reminders. On each is printed: I Had a Ball. A sort of message in the rough.

After a weekend of quail shooting in Georgia, **Hubert Humphrey** (below) waited in the little Thomasville airport for the plane that would take him back to Washington. To warm himself against an early morning chill, Humphrey backed up close to the airport's gas heater. Too close. Suddenly there was a smell of burning cloth, followed quickly by a smell of burning vice-president. The Veep bounded across the room, but not before he had scorched his coat and pants. Nevertheless, Humphrey pronounced his trip a success. "It was a wonderful, wonderful shoot." And as for the impromptu barbecue: "Oh, that was great. It will be something to remember old times by."

Since that day in Boston last August when **Phil Lutz** blew his harmonica and **Yogi Berra** blew his top, Lutz has received some

50 gift harmonicas, including one two feet long and labeled "for baseball and cultural achievements." But what of the original harmonica, the one that Berra knocked from his player's hands? It now comes to light that **Whiney Ford**, obviously a man with an eye for history, scooped up the remains, taped them together and placed the famous instrument in his trophy case at home, where it is today.

"Ripping" said the members of the Warmminster Rural Council when they received an application from the **Marquess of Bath** to erect a 14-foot fence around his 10,000-acre estate in Wiltshire and turn it into a game reserve. Then Lord Bath explained what sort of game; hares, hippopotamuses, that sort of thing. "I'm told that lions are not really dangerous as long as they are well fed," said the Marquess. Gulping hard, the council chairman announced: "We thought the fence was for deer. We shall have to take another look at that application."

While on a crusade in Hawaii, **Hilly Graham** also played golf, lifted weights and took a fling at surfing. "I wish I'd started this earlier," said the evangelist. "Some spiritual lessons can be learned from surfing. . . . In Christian living one must keep his balance."

From the 10,682-foot Sandia Crest above Albuquerque, 66-year-old Supreme Court Justice **William O. Douglas** and a party of forest rangers, all wearing snowshoes, set out down La Luz trail, nearly six miles in length. They were barely under way when a blizzard struck. For nine hours Douglas and his companions battled drifts and 15° cold. Several times the judge fell, once bruising his hip on a snow-covered tree stump. Finally one of the rangers forged ahead and brought back horses so the party could ride the last mile. "Fine hike," boomed Douglas, ignoring his injury. "Mrs. Douglas

and I plan to be back in the summer."

Chubby Checker has moved into a \$100,000 home on Philadelphia's Main Line—not just an ordinary \$100,000 home, but one with a few twists, e.g., a trout stream in the backyard, a 36-foot heated and filtered swimming pool and a stable. The stable, as yet, is horseless, but Chubby is planning a trip to Israel where he may buy some Arabian colts. "I used to ride a mule bareback," he says. "When I get on a horse you'd think I was born on it."

In his first race since giving up the sport 13 years ago at his wife's request, Governor **John Reed** reasserted his claim to the Maine ice sulky racing championship. Last time out, the governor collected nothing but abrasions; this time he swept honors at the Poland Spring raceway on Lower Range Pond Road, a former Fort Fairfield Driving Club president and an ice racer since he was 17, won two straight heats of a Class A race and defeated Maine's best dash driver in a Class C.

Over by the big tank in the New York Coliseum, former Heavyweight Champion **Jack Sharkey**, fly rod in hand, was demonstrating the fine art of casting at last week's Sportsman Show. "You like this better than fighting?" someone asked. "It doesn't pay as much," said Sharkey, "but then fish don't hit back."

The arm **Scott Carpenter** broke last summer is still giving him trouble. Last week he entered Methodist Hospital in Houston for surgery. The astronaut's injury may prevent him from further space flights, but what bothers him almost as much is his curtailed sports program. "I can't swing a golf club or grasp a ski pole," moaned Carpenter.

Looking more like Mr. Clean than Ben Franklin, **Robert Preston** (below) turned up at the Broadway Show League's bowling night last week and took his turn on the firing line. Bowling left- and right-handed with equal inconsistency—his average is 131—the former movie man admitted: "Acting is my real athletics. I'm running a four-minute mile there."



What the men can do for an encore

Russia's Brumel (right) and the U.S.'s Mills stole only part of the show at the AAU's glamour meet



There is a delightful quality of whipped cream and rich, sweet cake about the sport of track as served indoors. Taken in moderate portions it is a flavorful adjunct to its more formal and far more significant outdoor cousin. When given a big build-up, however, it courts the danger of becoming too much of a good thing: like dessert without an entree, gravy but no meat—or last week's National AAU indoor championships.

A year ago the AAU track and field committee was confronted with two very specific problems: 1) what to do about the flagging national zeal for women's track and 2) how best to counterattack the National Collegiate Athletic Association's threatened boycott of the indoor track season. The solution arrived at by the AAU was so simple as to seem ingenious. The organization would become the *Sol Hurok* of sport and, like that impresario, round up the best foreign talent. Not only was a record number of athletes imported (almost three dozen), but there was a record number of women, 210 from here and abroad.

As nice as this was, the AAU had problems, not the least of which was money. The large scale of operations called for uncharacteristic expenditures of AAU funds. Other meets, which

shared the visitors with the AAU, picked up part of the expense, but the AAU had to carry the bulk of the cost. Also troublesome was the question of how to use all the talent assembled. It hardly seemed gracious to invite the world's best women athletes, spot them around in various invitational meets, then bring them together in Sundance, Wyo. or some similarly remote place of the sort our own girls have become only too used to, for a final bash at the U.S. championships.

So for the first time the AAU decided to hold the men's and women's nationals under the same roof. Because there were so many events, they also decided to stretch the meet over two nights, with the women's events concentrated on the first, along with one or two headline male competitions. This idea was sound in every respect except one: Friday night far outshone Saturday night, yet it attracted a relatively small crowd. In fact, attendance for the two evenings (4,978 for the first night, 12,535 for the second) barely exceeded one full house, and the AAU's rental fee went up at least \$5,000. This brought the total cost for putting on the meet to a roughly estimated \$36,000, about twice that of the most elaborate one-night meets.

"It was worth it," said the AAU's executive director, Colonel Donald F. Hull. "We feel that bringing over so many foreign women has served its purpose. It's going to help women's track. This is no hodgepodge. These are the best women in the world. The people who came to our championship this year saw the greatest woman shotputter in the world, the greatest high jumper, the greatest broad jumper."

Quality of performance was certainly there. The Friday night crowd saw Russia's Tamara Press, Rumania's Iolanda Balas and England's Mary Rand, all Olympic champions and world-record holders, not to mention the winter season's favorite son, Billy Mills, who won a superlative three-mile race, and Ralph Boston and Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, who staged another of their down-to-the-millimeter broad-jumping duels.

In fact, the spectators were lucky to see Mrs. Rand, who fouled two of her three attempts during the afternoon qualifying round in the broad jump and failed to make the evening's final. Fortunately, a plea by Chicago's Willye White, a snappy-looking redhead and America's best woman jumper, gave Mary, and the spectators, a reprieve.

"There were three takeoff boards,"

continued

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Willye explained. "From the head of the runway it looked O.K., but when you got down near the pit you could see all three of them. It was kind of confusing. It was wrong. I thought Mary should be given another chance and that's what I told the committee."

This was all the push the officials needed to put Mrs. Rand in the finals. "I'd rather not jump, except maybe as some sort of guest, but they want me to," said Mary with a shrug. "so . . ." Whereupon she won the title with a meet record leap of 20 feet 4 inches. The generous Miss White finished fifth.

With all that glamour on the boards and in the pits, Lieut. Billy Mills might have been excused if he had felt demoted to a supporting role. But Mills was in no mood to accept this fate. All winter long, crowds had greeted the presence on the track of the Olympic 10,000-meter champion with fervent whoops of delight. Too often Mills would then take a beating. He was kept out of shape by command appearances at dinners, and he usually had to run in events not geared to his speed—the mile and two-mile, which to a distance man like Mills are almost sprints. By Friday a very determined Mills, bent on proving that Tokyo was no fluke, was ready. He had managed to sneak in the hard work distance running requires, and this race, at three miles, was more to his liking.

"I had been training with an eye to the outdoor season and the dual meet with Russia," he said before the race, "but lately I've been able to work out regularly and I feel strong." Strong was hardly the word for it. Mills jumped into the lead at the start. With Canada's Dave Ellis sticking to him, they ran the first 31 laps in tandem, as if they were riding the same bicycle-built-for-two. Mills swept through the first mile in 4:24.9, went past two miles in 8:58.8, and then dislodged his pursuer with a 61.5 final quarter that carried him to the finish four yards in front. He ran easily throughout, his kick was long-legged, smooth and seemingly effortless. His time of 13:25.4 was a U.S. citizens' record, just seven seconds above Ron Clarke's world indoor mark, and the second fastest three-mile ever run indoors.

"It feels pretty good to win," said Mills, who had carried his embarrassment of cheers with resigned tolerance.

"I've had to take some pretty good lickings."

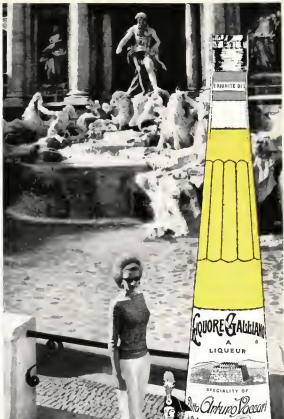
The spectators who arrived with high hopes for an exciting evening of track on Saturday night missed so much of the meet that when they filed sullenly out of the Garden there was a general feeling that, however energetic, however commendable, however imaginative, however free-spending, the AAU had goofed again.

To be fair, the evening was not a complete washout. On hand to win his third American indoor title was Russian High Jumper Valeri Brumel who, much like Mary Rand, gives off as many competitive sparks as a Fourth of July pinwheel. Brumel was not pushed and could jump no higher than 7 feet 2 inches, but he is a magnetic showman who thrives on dramatic moments. Since winning an Olympic gold medal last fall, he has even developed a relaxed exhilaration in combat that was lacking in his previous visits to the U.S. After each success he is out of the foam-rubber landing pit in a single bounce, waving to the crowd and grinning as if to say: "What fun this is. Why don't you all come down and try it?"

For the devoted track fan who feeds on the finer points of the sport, there was considerable satisfaction in Villanova's meet-record 7:28.2 in the two-mile relay, not so much from the winner's time as from the manner in which Seton Hall's Germann twins, Herb and George, chased the Villanova runners to the finish line. Herb was given the unenviable assignment of trying to stick with Villanova's Tommy Sullivan, who posted a sizzling-fast 1:50.2 for his half-mile leg. Herb, behind by at least 12 yards as he began his leg, struggled courageously, but was a grudging 20 yards back when he passed the baton to his twin brother. Stride by stride, George sliced the margin between himself and Villanova's Irish anchorman, Noel Carroll. The latter was timed in a fast 1:51.4, but George made up 10 yards with a close-to-1:50 stint of his own.

For the record the AAU, awakening to a new era in track promotion, tried something different. Its effort to bring in an exotic array of foreign talent, male and female, and to give women's track the showcase that the men's championship provides was laudable. But, however crammed with vitamins it may be, an indoor track meet lacks the nourishment to last two nights.

END



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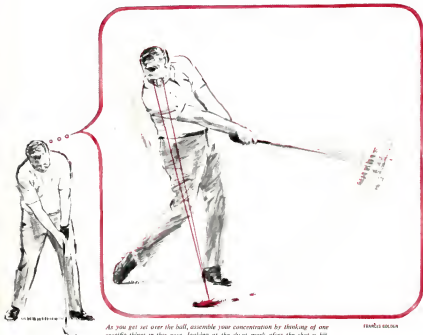


One way of getting back to business

Golf is a friendly, sociable game, and it should be played that way. Unfortunately, however, it is not always easy to be sociable and still maintain the concentration that you must have to play your best. Some people who watch me in tournaments get the idea that I am too single-minded and taciturn to get any fun out of golf. This is not so. I am actually pretty talkative on the course, and I enjoy the company of my fellow competitors as much as anyone on the tour. But I have had to work out a way of being able to be friendly and still gather my full concentration when I am about to hit a shot. Since this is a problem that is common to all golfers, my solution might work well for you, too.

As you first walk up to the ball, think what kind of shot would be perfect for the occasion—high, low, hook, fade, etc. This will snap your mind back to the job at hand. Second, as you get set to hit the shot, try to concentrate on just one thing that you want to do during the swing. It might be “keep your head down,” or “look at the divot after you’ve hit,” or “make a full shoulder turn.” Thinking of something specific will insure that your mind is not wandering at the moment it must be attending to business.

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As you get set over the ball, assemble your concentration by thinking of one specific thing; in this case, looking at the divot mark after the shot is hit.

FRANKLIN GOLDEN

'Twas a not-so-famous victory

Sparkling Johnny won the Everglades, traditional early test for Derby horses, but a number of good 3-year-olds chose not to run at all

Although it is only a \$25,000-added event on an annual calendar of about 40 races each worth \$100,000, the Everglades at Hialeah occupies a position of singular importance. It is the first stakes event of the winter season in which Kentucky Derby nominees are tested at the mile-and-an-eighth distance, just one furlong shorter than the Derby itself. In its 19 runnings prior to last week, Everglades winners included Citation, Gen. Duke, Tim Tam, First Landing, Carry Back, Sir Gaylord and Roman Brother, while others finishing in the money who later laid claim to more lasting fame included Bold Ruler, Iron Liege, Sherluck and Decidedly.

In earlier words, if you were fishing around seriously in mid-February for a horse who would later win the Derby, the Preakness or the Belmont, you could do a good deal worse than use the nine-furlong Everglades as a yardstick. It doesn't always work out, of course. A year ago Lou Wolfson sent out Roman Brother to win this race over Mr. Brick and Journalist, and none of these three went on to win any of the Triple Crown classics. Nonetheless, before Roman Brother finished his 3-year-old year he had won \$680,000 and such races as the Jersey Derby, the American Derby, the New Hampshire Sweepstakes and the Discovery.

In last week's 20th running of the Everglades, Wolfson and Trainer Bureley Parke put Apprentice Jockey Mike Venezia into the stable's flamingo pink-and-white-and-black silks, threw him up on their chestnut gelding, Sparkling Johnny, and then sat back hoping they had another Roman Brother on their hands. Thanks in great part to a skillful ride by Venezia, Sparkling Johnny won the race all right, but his three-and-a-quarter-length victory over a 32-to-1 shot named Natanalst (who was claimed two months ago for \$8,500) failed to stir up much Derby fever around Hialeah. And it could hardly have thrown

much fear into the Santa Anita-based owners of Jacinto, Isle of Greece or Lucky Dehonair.

The 11 horses in the Everglades did not include either Hail to All (an impressive winner of the Hibiscus two days later) or Native Charger or, for that matter, recent winner Connecticut Hail, a half brother to Quadrangle with whom Elliott Burch hopes to surprise in this June's Belmont. I suspect that Hail to All is the solid horse for the March 3 Flamingo. I believe, also, after watching tired horses stagger back from the Everglades, that a number of Hialeah horsemen really cranked up their colts in a hurry to go nine furlongs once they discovered that Sadair and Bold Lad would not be in action here. This abnormal acceleration may have damaged quite a few racing prospects.

Flag Raiser set the early pace, covering the first six furlongs in a fast 1:10½ on the dead Hialeah strip. After that it was no wonder that the next quarter was run in 26½, the final quarter in just over 27 seconds, the last eighth in a lethargic 14½. "Good horses," said veteran Chart-Caller Bud Lyon, "just don't run that bad."

Maybe so, but maybe there still is hope for some of those in the Everglades. E. P. Taylor's Victory Myth was closing fast at the finish to be fourth; Dapper Dan will improve; and Culmet Farm's Reverse, a one-run colt, may not have liked being hurried into position so quickly last week. As for Sparkling Johnny, who is by Misty Flight out of the Count Fleet mare Sparkle, a few people—but very few—are taking him seriously as a Derby contender. "He was just another horse before now," says Owner Wolfson. "Now he may be another good horse." Wolfson could well have added that Sparkling Johnny is now the only 3-year-old in the country to have won a stake at a mile and an eighth. It will be a distinction for a while anyway.

END

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A tribute to a longtime friend

I lost a good friend two weeks ago in Olive Peterson, who died in Philadelphia at the age of 66. In the often cut-throat world of tournament bridge, Olive was one person who never made an enemy or lost a friend. She was a good player, winner of 13 national championships during a career that spanned two games—auction and contract—and three eras. She was closely associated with Milton Work, winning many championships as his partner and teaching his auction methods around Philadelphia. All through Culbertson's bridge reign she remained Philadelphia's leading teacher. And for me, she rendered invaluable service at my teachers' conventions.

In recent years Olive had dropped out of tournament competition. One of her last public competitive appearances was on my TV show, and the hand I have selected this week was from that show. It had an excitement created

by the special conditions that govern the matches played on camera.

As you can see, there is an excellent play for six hearts and an even better one for six clubs. Had this been the usual rubber or duplicate game I feel sure that George Foerster and Harry Harkavy would have reached one or the other of these contracts. But in my TV competition, a sort of sudden-death affair, the prize is won by the pair that is ahead at the end of four deals. Coming up to this fourth deal of the match, Mrs. Peterson and Alvin Landy, executive secretary of the American Contract Bridge League, had a 450-point lead. Counting the premium of 300 points for bedding and making a game on an unfinished rubber, Harkavy and Foerster had to score only five no trump—or 160—to nose out their opponents by 10 points.

Harkavy had no doubt that slam was within easy reach, but there remained the attractive question: Why play in a contract that required making six, when the match could be won by scoring 11 tricks at no trump?

East signaled enthusiasm on the spade lead, dropping her 7. Harkavy won and led a club to the jack, which lost to East's queen. Back came a low spade, won by South's last stopper, and when West followed low on the second lead of clubs, Harkavy faced the crucial decision: Should he take another finesse or play to drop the missing honoree?

In ordinary rubber bridge, the question would not arise. South, able to win nine tricks with a break in hearts, would not jeopardize the game. But, although TV bridge is played on rubber rules, the need to make at least five-odd was the decisive factor—plus the fact that percentages favor taking two finesses with the club combination.

But fine players sometimes go against the percentage when instinct tells them that they should do so. Harkavy considered long and finally decided on one more factor that seemed to favor the finesse: nine players in 10 would automatically play the king the first time if they held king-queen alone. Harkavy, a comparatively young man, simply did not realize that he was playing against a deceptively cunning lady. He took the finesse, lost the hand and with it the difference between the \$1,000 first prize and the \$500 to the losing pair. I must add here a few words that do not appear on the record. They are Olive's.

"I'm sorry, Harry," she said—and meant it. "You made the right play." Olive Peterson was like that. **END**

Neither side vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH (G. Foerster)	EAST (Mrs. Peterson)	SOUTH (H. Harkavy)	WEST (A. Landy)
1♥	PASS	2♥	PASS
3♦	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: jack of spades

ever happened to the NBA. Whenever he got his hands on the ball he would shoot, and a final touch was the cultivation of a goatee the Russell-Chamberlain type. "Take it off," DeBusschere snapped, "and if you don't start playing ball with the rest of us—it's the pines for you." Evidently Caldwell sensed that this young coach was not to be trifled with. Off came the goatee, and Caldwell began supplementing his shooting with some defense, rebounding and a willingness to set up picks for his teammates. He is now one of the best rookies in the league.

In other cases DeBusschere relied on tact. Eddie Miles, who came to the Pistons last year from Seattle University with the tag "Man with the Golden Arm," spent his first season without a chance to use that limb. In the rare instances when he did get into a game Miles would be taken out immediately upon missing a shot. Rod Thorn, who came to the Pistons from Baltimore this season, had the same problem. "Just play your game," DeBusschere told them. "If you miss, you miss." Thorn went out and scored 27 points the next game, and Miles has been scoring with consistency and running with abandon. He is now a prominent member of the starting lineup.

"DeBusschere is successful," Zollner told Pete Waldmeir of the *Detroit News*, "because he has a head like a grapefruit." When Waldmeir recovered his pencil and his aplomb, he asked the Pistons' owner to explain. "You see, it's like this," said Zollner, whacking his right temple. "You have to be able to pluck a piece out like this and have the rest stay together. Then you have to put that piece back [Zollner slapped at his right ear] and grab another piece from somewhere else." What Zollner was trying to say, presumably, is that Dave DeBusschere can play basketball or baseball or golf (which he does in the low 70s) or the harmonica or whatever the situation calls for and do it better than most anyone else.

While it is sometimes easy to find flaws in Zollner's logic, there is no disputing that DeBusschere is playing the best basketball of his life. As Baltimore Coach Buddy Jeannotte says, "The big thing going for Coach Dave DeBusschere is that he's got *Player* Dave DeBusschere going for him." **END**

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The Rise and Fall of

No team ever had a year like the one the Philadelphia Phillies had in 1964. Only a long-shot bet for the pennant, they started quickly and, led by players like Johnny Callison (right), established themselves as the big team in the National League. Then, two weeks before the season ended, they collapsed completely, lost 10 straight games, the pennant—and the dream. In the vivid photographs that follow and in the article beginning on page 57 is the detailed story of their strange and unforgettable season.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.



the Fabulous Phillies



Colorful and volatile, the Phils had opened



a wide lead by late summer, delighting the pennant-hungry fans who poured into old Connie Mack Stadium





An Epic That Ended as a Tragedy

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

At 12:30 on a Wednesday afternoon last October, in the green, garretlike executive offices of the Philadelphia National League baseball club, secretaries, ticket sellers, promotion men, publicity men and all the people who make up the front-office personnel of a major league baseball club began to gather in front of a large television screen to watch the opening game of the 1964 World Series. Many of them were emotionally and physically exhausted from the long season that had ended—for them—three days earlier with the Phillies a sadly beaten contender for the National League championship. When the surprising Phillies were fighting for and gaining the league lead during the season, these front-office people had been besieged with all sorts of requests—for tickets, for photographs, for personal appearances—from the millions of fans who had suddenly adopted the Phillies as *their* team. More than 1,425,000 people had paid their way into Connie Mack Stadium, that marvelous, ramshackle old monstrosity of a ball park, which for years had been known, half affectionately and half bitterly, as the "Chamber of Horrors." In 1964, as the Phillies won game after exciting game, the old nickname disappeared and the more upbeat "House of Thrills" took its place. Considering the way the Phillies played and won, the new name was more valid than silly, though the biggest single thrill the team gave its fans was probably the thrill of hope that the Phillies—dead last in 1961, loser of 23 straight games that year—were actually going to win a pennant for the first time in 14 years, the second time in nearly half a century.

But that was in the summer, and now it was October. At 12:45 a blast of march music came over the set, and a voice said, "The 1964 World Series is on the air." The cameras panned slowly over Busch Stadium in St. Louis. In Philadelphia some of the secretaries began to cry. Men

lit cigarettes and looked down at their shoes. To these people, and to the others who lived for the Phillies, the World Series was being played where it did not belong.

By now everyone in Philadelphia knows—or thinks he knows—why the Phillies lost the pennant. History has already marked them as a team that lost when it was nearly a mathematical impossibility to lose. Leading the National League by six and a half games with only 12 games left on their schedule, the Phils lost 10 games in a row and had to win on the last day of the season to gain a tie for second place. The people closest to it—the players, the manager, the general manager—are still bewildered by that 10-game losing streak from a club which, during the entire season before the collapse, had never lost more than four games in a row. Yet Matt Wilson, who runs the two-chair barber-shop just six doors down the street from the stadium, thinks he knows what happened to the Phils.

"They lost," says Matt to anyone who asks, "because the manager didn't do the right things at the right time. He should have used the pitchers he wasn't using. He should have played the people he wasn't playing. I went up to the stadium about 40 times, and a lot of people lost money and a lot of people were disappointed. Oh, well, forget it. It's gone now. All gone. It's nothing now but another part in the life of baseball."

Just a year ago this week, when the Phillies began spring training, not many considered the team a true pennant contender, and even the few who did could not argue with much conviction that the Phils were likely to unseat the Los Angeles Dodgers as National League champions. True, the Phillies were a coming team, one that was improving thanks to clever trades by General Manager John Quinn, excellent handling by Manager Gene Mauch and a continuing flow of help from a farm system that was starting to produce its own championship teams. In 1962 the Phils had moved up to seventh place; in 1963 they finished a surprising fourth. Still, when they reported to Clearwater, Fla. last February they were held at odds of 8 to 1, with four teams—the Dodgers, the Giants, the Cardinals and the Reds—favored over them.

The Phils did have some pluses going for them should the team find itself in a contending position during 1964. Two-thirds of their schedule after July 24 would be played at home, and one of the Phils' most notable characteristics in 1962 and 1963 had been powerful closing rushes. Mauch and Quinn had sliced the number of doubleheaders at

continued

Gene Mauch's controlled fury drove the Phils all year, but at the last he was torn by frustration.

home from 13 to seven because the manager felt strongly that doubleheaders confuse and harm a pitching staff.

Overall, the Phils were as good as the best teams at several positions, but there were also some large question marks. Quinn and Mauch hoped that one of these—the lack of a dependable right-handed pitcher—had been erased with the acquisition of Jim Bunning (see cover) from Detroit during the interleague trading period. A larger question mark was third base, where the Phillies had used 25 different players since 1959. But Mauch was convinced that he could make a major league third baseman out of Richie Allen, a muscular rookie up from Little Rock, Ark., where he had a reputation as a powerful hitter albeit a mediocre fielder.

Allen reported to spring training early with the pitchers and catchers because Mauch wanted him to get over any initial nervousness by the time the rest of the squad arrived four days later. He told Allen that third base was his until "you play yourself out of it." As Allen trotted onto the field for his first practice he appreciated the confidence that Mauch had expressed but, as is his custom, he paused long enough to say the 23rd Psalm to himself: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters. . . . He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. . . ."

Bunning, of course, was being counted on as one of the key men of the Phils' pitching staff. Always a grim competitor, he had pitched nine seasons in the American League for the Detroit Tigers and had had more strong seasons than weak ones. His lifetime record showed 118 wins against 87 losses, a no-hitter against the Boston Red Sox in 1958, a 20-game season in 1957 and a good enough arm at difficult hitters to finish one-two-three in the league for batters hit by pitches in six of his seven full seasons. At times Bunning had been accused by his opponents of sharpening his belt buckle so that he could seuff up the ball and thus get a better grip on it. He is one of the few men ever to get Mickey Mantle of the Yankees mad enough to charge from the batters' box.

Mauch explained to Bunning that his role in spring training was to get himself ready to step into the starting rotation and that he would not be used against National League clubs during the spring exhibition games. "When the National League hitters see you," Mauch told Bunning, "they will be seeing you for the first time and only when it counts." Mauch watched the 22 pitchers on his roster carefully, but he watched Bunning just a little more closely than the rest. Mauch liked the qualities he saw in his new pitcher. He admires fighters. (Mauch was born in 1925, the son of a dedicated sports fan who had an intense interest in boxing; his mother told him that if Jack Dempsey had beaten Gene Tunney in their first fight in Philadelphia in 1926

Gene's father might have changed his son's name to Jack.)

The first part of spring training went well for the Phillies. They hustled and by their constant chatter lifted one another. Allen's bat slapped balls all over Jack Russell Stadium in Clearwater, and he hit long drives over the outfield fences. Bunning got himself into shape and in three appearances against American League teams gave up only six runs. One day late in March, Mauch stood in his dugout just before an exhibition game and looked out at Bunning as the pitcher ran in the outfield to exercise. "We're going to war with each other, Jim and I, before this season is over," Mauch said. "It will be a good thing, too. He's a great competitor, but he'll say something to me about not pitching him enough or I'm taking him out when he doesn't think he should be taken out, and we'll just have to go at it." It was Mauch's highest form of compliment.

On April 9 the Phils broke camp and headed north through Chattanooga and Asheville, N.C., and then on to Philadelphia for their final exhibition game with the Baltimore Orioles before opening the season with the New York Mets on April 14. In Asheville, Mauch put Bunning into a game against the Pittsburgh Pirates, a National League team, because he felt that Jim needed the work before his first regular-season start three days later. "Just go out and take a little walk in the sunshine," said Mauch. "Don't show them anything, just get yourself loose. To hell with this game." Bunning got loose and got the sunshine and threw nothing but "lollipops and cookies" to the Pirates, who collected 11 runs and eight hits in three and two-thirds innings. Upon seeing the result, some people in Philadelphia began to wonder just what kind of trade John Quinn had made.

Even before their final game of the exhibition season the Phillies felt that they could get off to a good start because the pitching looked good and the hitters were meeting the ball well. In that final exhibition game at home against the Orioles, the Phils had to face Robin Roberts, one of the heroes of the last Philadelphia team to win a pennant, the 1950 "Whaz Kids." Allen started at third base and a sizable crowd came out to see him, attracted by his fine showing in Florida in spring training. In the first inning Allen drove a Roberts pitch high up against the Alpo dog food sign atop the left-field roof some 460 feet away for a home run. The bench jumped up and down, and Mauch walked the length of the dugout clapping his hands.

And then the season began. Philadelphia's won-and-loss record in spring training had been only 11-13. A poll of the 10 National League managers indicated that the Phils would finish fifth. Of 232 members of the Baseball Writers' Association of America who answered a query from *The Sporting News*, only 10 picked Philadelphia to win the pennant, whereas 134 foresaw them finishing anywhere between

fifth and eighth. Three writers picked them ninth in a field of 10. Yet the team showed cohesiveness and spirit, and Mauch said seriously, "It's possible for this club to win 92 games." A flow of betting money into Las Vegas shipped two points off their odds, and the Phillies opened the season at 6 to 1—but still fourth choice. People betting on them were considered to have a lot of hope in their hearts, a lot of money in their pockets and a lot of rocks in their heads.

Philadelphia did get off to a quick start. In winning 10 of their first 12 games the Phils seemed to be doing the impossible effortlessly. In one game the club rallied for four runs in the ninth inning to win 6-5 over Pittsburgh. Allen was hitting .430. Bunning was given three starts against three different teams. He pitched 26 2/3 innings in those starts, gave up only three earned runs and won all three games. Dennis Bennett, a left-handed pitcher at times difficult to handle but equipped with great skills, changed his mind slightly about pitching during the daytime. "I believe I am more effective at night," he had said. Mauch had replied, "I seem to remember that they play the World Series in the daytime." Bennett's second start of the season was in the daylight against Chicago, and he won. Pitcher Art Mahaffey hit his first major league homer with two men on base for a 10-8 win over the Cubs in a game played with a 24-mile-an-hour wind rushing toward the fences of Wrigley Field.

Pennants began to wave throughout the city of Philadelphia saying, "GO PHILLIES GO," and bumper stickers began to appear on cars. Individual Phillie players became widely known and admired. Cookie Rojas, the scrappy Cuban who could play eight positions; Clay Dalrymple, the sturdy young catcher; Jack Baldschun, the tireless relief pitcher; Ed Roebuck, another relief pitcher with the ability to hit a fungo fly ball higher than any man alive. People who had not rooted for a Philadelphia team since the A's left town in 1955 started going to Connie Mack Stadium regularly. Ticket outlets such as Horst and Lichty's in Lancaster, Pa., Roomer Tours in Reading, Pa. and Angelo's Barber Shop in Atlantic City, N.J. began to feel the press of requests for tickets far in advance.

At the All-Star break during the first week in July the Phils led the league by a game and a half, yet none were selected to the National League starting team. But Johnny Callison, the Phils' handsome young right-fielder, who had been gathering a fat portfolio of clutch hits right along, was called on to pinch-hit, and he slammed a three-run homer to give the National League a 6-5 victory. Naturally he did it with two out in the bottom of the ninth inning.

By the end of July, Philadelphia still held the league lead, still by a game and a half. Beating weak teams badly is a good way to win a pennant, and the Phils' record against the four bottom teams in the league—Los Angeles, Chicago, Houston and New York—was 30-11. The only teams leading the Phils in head-to-head play were the Cincinnati

Reds (6-5) and the St. Louis Cardinals (9-7), and the Phils held on to first place.

Ruben Amaro, the fancy-fielding 28-year-old infielder, began writing weekly letters to his mother and father, who live in a pale-blue two-story house in Veracruz, Mexico. The letters excited Amaro's father, Santos, a longtime baseball fan, as well as his mother, Doña Pepa. "Dear Papa and Mama," one began, "We have a fine team. It is a moving team, very well adjusted. At the rate we are going, with the favor of God we will win the pennant, and we all are sure that if we win the National League pennant we also defeat any of the American League contenders. There is nobody in both leagues capable of defeating our team, not even the hated Yankees."

Each morning Santos Amaro would be up at 7 waiting for the local paper, *Diawawa*, to arrive. Doña Pepa's voice would sound anxiously from the bedroom, "What happened, Amaro? They won or lost?" More often than not her husband would holler back happily, "They won, old woman! They won!"

"Did Ruben play?" she would ask. "Did he bat any hits?" When Santos said "Yes," Doña Pepa would dress herself and go down to the market and tell everyone about Ruben, occasionally waving a bunch of celery in the air for emphasis as she described Ruben's play. The Phils became Veracruz' team. At night Doña Pepa would ask her husband, who had once managed the Aguilas of Veracruz in the Mexican League, endless questions.

"Amaro, you think the Phils will win the pennant?" she often would ask.

"Be calm, old girl," he'd answer. "In baseball anything can happen."

General Manager John Quinn was not being calm. He and Mauch had noticed that the other teams were sending left-handers at the Phillies in bunches and that the Phils had trouble hitting them. Early in August, Quinn completed a deal with the New York Mets and acquired Frank Thomas, an excellent hitter against left-handers. Quinn had hoped to make the trade as early as spring training, but injuries to Thomas had twice aborted it. Thomas arrived at a time when the Phils had lost 15 of their last 22 games against left-handed pitchers, and he promptly went to work. In his first 32 games with the Phils, Thomas batted in 26 runs and the club won 20 of them. The lead lengthened and Ruben Amaro began to dream dreams of the World Series. He wrote to Veracruz: "Dear Papa and Mama, We are playing the best baseball of both leagues and nothing will stop us now. I want you and Mama and Teresa [Ruben's 8-year-old sister] to get ready to come to Philadelphia. I will wire you the money for the tickets, but you better start packing. . . ."

By September 7 the Phils had drawn 1,224,172 people to surpass every existing Philadelphia attendance record, but the next day they got a bad break, a very bad break.

continued

Thomas, sliding into second base, jammed his right thumb and fractured it, forcing himself out of the lineup. The good people of Philadelphia were saddened, because Thomas, in only a month, had joined the long parade of Phillie heroes. He was given a job as a disc jockey on station WTIL with "Uncle Phil Sheridan," and each morning Thomas would get up at 5:45 a.m., go to the studio and play records and talk baseball—sort of. "Why does it take longer to run from second to third than from first to second?" he asked his listeners one morning. "Because there's a shortstop in between."

The day after Thomas' injury Quinn began the search for another first baseman. The desired one had to hold well and hit right-handed. It seemed impossible to find such a man, but Quinn did. He got Vic Power, the flashy Puerto Rican, from the Los Angeles Angels. Power was at his home in Minneapolis taking a three-day rest provided by a break in the Angels' schedule. When Quinn called him on the phone and asked him when he could report to the club, Power said, "I can't join you now. All my equipment is back in Los Angeles." Quinn told Power to come on anyway, that equipment for him would be found, and Power stayed up most of the night making connections to get to the ball club. He arrived at 10 o'clock in the morning for an afternoon game, borrowed a pair of Dennis Bennett's shoes and a glove and played. He got a hit and knocked in a run as the Phils beat the Cardinals. "At first I didn't like moving over to the National League," says Power. "I'd been an American Leaguer all my life and wanted to stay there. But I got to thinking that almost every other Puerto Rican player had played in a World Series, and I said to myself, 'This is my chance,' and I was glad." One of the first things that Power did in Philadelphia was to pick up his player's option to buy World Series tickets; he bought \$90 worth for his family back in Minneapolis.

That defeat of the Cardinals, the Phils' closest pursuers, seemed to be the one that made it certain the World Series would open in Philadelphia. The Phils' lead had opened to six games. Granted, there was still a 10-day, 10-game, 8,000-mile road trip ahead: San Francisco to Houston and then back to Los Angeles. But things went well in San Francisco, and the Phils won two out of three games. In Houston they won the first two games of a three-game series. Before the third game Mauch decided to go all out for a sweep of the series.

He went to Bunning, who had pitched 10 complete innings just two days before, and asked him if he felt he could pitch out of turn. Bunning said, "Yes." Previously Bunning had beaten Houston four times without a loss, but this night the Colt .45s hit him hard in the fifth inning, and the Phils lost 6-5. At his home in Wilmington, Del., Publicity Director Larry Shenk of the Phils had heard that Bunning was starting and, knowing how well Jim had done against Houston, he clicked off the radio and went happily to

bed. Shenk was stunned when he heard the losing score the next morning. But the Phils still had a six-game lead.

In Los Angeles they split the first two games of the series with the Dodgers; then on Saturday night, September 19, in the ninth game of the road trip, they had the first real taste of what was in store for them. It came in the last half of the 16th inning in Dodger Stadium, with the score tied 3-3, and the game entering its sixth hour. With two out and nobody on, Willie Davis of the Dodgers lashed a line drive that bounced off First Baseman John Herrnstein's chest. Herrnstein recovered the ball and flipped it to Relief Pitcher Jack Baldschun, who was racing Davis to first. Davis and Baldschun reached first base simultaneously, and Davis' foot came down on top of Baldschun's. The Phils thought it was the third out, but the umpire called Davis safe. The Phillies argued in vain. Baldschun, angered by the decision and bothered by the injured foot, threw a wild pitch as Davis began stealing second, and the wild pitch allowed Davis to go on to third. Baldschun walked the hitter, Tommy Davis, and Ron Fairly, a left-handed batter, came to the plate.

Mauch called in Morrie Stevens, a 21-year-old left-hander, from the bullpen. Stevens only recently had been brought up from Little Rock for just such an emergency. Stevens' first two pitches were strikes—typical of the providential way things had been going for the Phils all year. Then Third Base Coach Leo Durocher whispered into Davis' ear, "I know you can steal home. Go ahead!" Catcher Clay Dalrymple gave Stevens the sign for a curve ball, but in the middle of his windup Stevens picked up the blur of Davis streaking for home. Fairly was flabbergasted at the sight of Davis coming down the line, and Dodger Manager Walt Alston jumped up in the dugout, shocked that Davis was trying to steal home with two out and two strikes on a left-handed hitter. Stevens threw a fast ball low and in the dirt on the left side of the plate. Fairly had already backed out of the batter's box, and somehow Catcher Dalrymple caught the ball. He dived into Davis' spikes without a full grip on the ball, and it spun away when Davis hit it. The Phils' lead was still a comfortable five and a half games, but the Dodgers had won the ball game.

The next morning the Phillies slept an hour later than usual at Mauch's insistence. Most of them ordered breakfast from room service and, thanks to the three-hour time difference between Philadelphia and Los Angeles, watched the Philadelphia Eagles play the San Francisco 49ers on television. The Phils beat the Dodgers that afternoon, but a ground ball ripped off the top of Vic Power's fingernail. On the team's chartered flight home from Los Angeles to Philadelphia the injured nail bothered Power, and he wondered if he would be able to swing effectively.

In Philadelphia people had made plans to welcome the team at the airport. By the time the Phillies arrived at 12:30 a.m., the airport was packed, and the body warmth

from the 2,000 people in the second-floor concourse of the air terminal caused the windows to fog up, Willie Passio of Sigel Street got up an impromptu band along with his brother Nick (on the snare drums), Bobby Vaco (on the bass drums) and Buster Verrecchia (on cymbals). They played *Hail, Hail, the Gong's All Here*, and the fans sang right along. Candida Rojas, Cookie's wife, waited at the airport with a big smile on her face. "We are six and a half games in front," she said. "The magic number is seven. The way I see it we'll have the pennant clinched by Thursday night." Judy Amaro, Ruben's wife, told reporters that Ruben's parents were coming up from Veracruz for the World Series.

As the happy players came off the plane Mauch had a drawn, tired look. In 16 hours the Phils would have to be back at work in Connie Mack Stadium against the Cincinnati Reds—who had moved into a tie for second with the St. Louis Cardinals. The Phillies' magic number—the combination of Philadelphia victories and opponents' defeats needed to clinch the pennant—was seven, with only 12 games left. The Phillies had already won 90 games. No team in the Phillies' history had ever won more than 91.

The first night of the final home stand of the season was extremely cold, yet 21,000 people came out. What those people saw was the start of the 10-game losing streak and the beginning of the wildest two weeks in National League history. Chico Ruiz of the Reds stole home with two out and the score tied 0-0 in the sixth inning, at a time when Frank Robinson, the Reds' best hitter, was at bat. Art Mahaffey, the Philadelphia pitcher, saw Ruiz going but threw wildly and Ruiz scored easily. The Cincinnati manager, Dick Sisler, did not have the slightest notion that Ruiz would steal, nor did Third Base Coach Reggie Otero. But Ruiz had noticed that on Mahaffey's first pitch he had wound up slowly. Chico decided, "If he winds up slow again, I go!" When he broke for home Sisler jumped up, screaming, "No, no!" But it was yes, and that one run was the game. In the dressing room Mauch said disgustedly, "If anyone named Chico Ruiz tries to steal home for me with Frank Robinson at bat be sure as hell better be safe or . . ." and his voice stopped.

Twice in three games the Phillies had lost because of totally unorthodox steals of home.

The Reds were now within five and a half games of the Phils, and the Phillies' magic number was still seven, with 11 games to play. The following evening Cincinnati pounded Philadelphia 9-2, and in the Red dressing room Joe Nuxhall, the ageless left-hander who came up to the Reds a week or so after Abner Doubleday (or somebody) invented the game, pushed a make-believe button on the clubhouse wall. "The panic button," he said and, referring to Mauch, "The Little General will begin to push the button." But none of

the Reds truly felt they had more than the slimmest chance of catching the Phils. "They lead by four and a half games, with 10 to play," said Sisler. "I'd like to be in that position."

Earlier that day, fans hopeful of receiving World Series tickets began to march to their post offices, and by 8 a.m. the following morning the North Philadelphia Station, which handles the Phillies' mail, had 52,500 requests. The tickets were printed in eight colors—green, red, purple, brown, orange, blue, yellow and gray—and each ticket bore a picture of the Philadelphia skyline. The Warwick Hotel was taking no more reservations for early October and expected to handle \$50,000 worth of guests for the Series.

But a crawling panic began to move through the city the next night as the Phils lost to the Reds again, this time 6-4. When the Reds brought Sammy Ellis in to pitch in the seventh, the Phils seemed to be beginning one of their storied rallies, one that would bring them a desperately needed victory. After Ellis struck out one batter, he walked the bases full. Manager Sisler let Ellis stay in the game, and the 22-year-old right-hander looked in at Johnny Callison as 23,000 fans chanted, "Go, go, go!" Ellis was afraid. "I have never been so scared in my life," he said later. "My knees were shaking and my hands were perspiring." But Ellis struck out Callison on a 3-2 pitch on the outside corner of the plate and then threw a third strike past Tony Taylor. It was a magnificent performance and one that cut the Phillies' lead to three and a half games, with nine left. The magic number was still seven.

Early the next morning the Milwaukee Braves got on an airplane in Pittsburgh after a losing game the night before. They had heard that the Phils had lost, and as they settled in the plane Gene Oliver, the catcher-outfielder, spoke to Ed Mathews, the Brave third baseman. "Eddie," Oliver said, "I've got a feeling we're going to knock Philadelphia off four straight. I don't know why I have this feeling, but I felt this way in 1962 when I was with the Cardinals, and we went to Los Angeles and knocked the Dodgers out of the pennant." (Oliver had hit a homer on the last day of that season to beat Los Angeles 1-0.)

When the Braves got to Philadelphia they went over to Vincent's barbershop opposite the Warwick Hotel, where all visiting teams stay. National League ballplayers tend to wait to get haircuts until they get to Philadelphia because Ernie Valadez, the 31-year-old proprietor, and his four assistants give the players extra service. That extra service includes hot towels applied to the face and top of the head and a massage with two vibrators, all for \$2.25. The barbers also specialize in flattop crew cuts—the players' favorite. In the barbershop Oliver sputtering told the barbers that the Braves, fighting for a spot in the first division themselves, were going to sweep the Phillies four straight. The barbers put their lips and went back to work.

The Braves started Wade Blasingame that night, and Mauch decided to use two rookies in the outfield against

continued

Blasingame—Alex Johnson and Adolpho Phillips. Mauch had heard that "Johnson and Phillips had beaten Blasingame two games in the Pacific Coast this year, according to our reports." In the first inning Joe Torre of the Braves hit a line drive to center that should have been a single, but the ball took a weird bounce and sailed past Phillips for a triple, scoring the first run. In the fifth inning, with two out and two on, Johnson struck out. In the seventh, after getting on base, Johnson advanced to second on Vic Power's swinging bunt to Mathews at third base. Knowing that he had no chance to get Power, Mathews threw the ball to second base behind Johnson, who had made a wide turn. As Alex scrambled to get back to second his feet came out from under him, he was tagged out and the inning was over. The Braves won 5-3, and Johnson and Phillips between them had gone 0 for 6 against Blasingame. Mauch had been given a monumental piece of misinformation. Both Johnson and Phillips had indeed hit well against Blasingame's Pacific Coast League team (Johnson .500, Phillips .388), but Blasingame had faced Phillips only once all season and had walked him, and he had never pitched to Johnson at all.

The Phillies' lead was now down to three games.

Of all the games played by the Phillies in their collapse, none is remembered more vividly than the game of Friday, September 25. "It was like a World Series game," says Milwaukee Manager Bobby Bragan. According to Gene Oliver, "It was the most exciting baseball game I have ever been in or ever seen." The Phils led 1-0 until the top of the seventh inning, when Catcher Clay Dalrymple tipped the bat of Milwaukee's Baiter Dennis Menke for Dalrymple's first interference call of the season. The Braves promptly started a two-run rally, and then Milwaukee went ahead 3-1 in the top of the eighth. In the bottom of the eighth Johnny Callison hit a two-run homer to tie the score. In the 10th the Braves got two more runs, but in the bottom of the inning, with one on and two out, Allen hit an inside-the-park homer to tie the game again. Certainly, here was a game that belonged to the Phils. In the 12th inning the Braves had runners on first and second when a ground ball—a possible double-play ball—was hit to the right of First Baseman Frank Thomas, who before the game had ripped the cast from his thumb and asked to play. The ball bounced off Thomas' glove and a run scored. Then, with Gene Oliver at third base, the Braves tried a double steal; the throw from second back to home had Oliver out, but Dalrymple dropped the ball. Milwaukee won 7-5. The Phils' lead was only one and a half games over Cincinnati and two and a half over the Cardinals.

The next day, after carrying a 4-3 lead into the top of the ninth inning, the Phils lost again, 6-4. Johnny Callison was playing with a severe cold, and when he went out onto the field Umpire Al Forman noticed that he seemed frail and white. Callison was on antibiotics and had been on

them for several days, but would not come out of the lineup.

By now the fans in Philadelphia were booing, and thinking desperately. In an unlaudable effort to stop the hating assault of the Braves, a group of teen-agers went to an auto supply shop late Saturday afternoon and bought eight tiny circular mirrors to reflect sunlight into the eyes of the Brave hitters the next day. Fortunately, the sun did not shine, but it didn't seem to matter as the Phils got off to a quick 4-0 lead in the first inning. Then the Braves smashed 22 hits and won 14-8. Philadelphia relinquished first place—to the Cincinnati Reds—for the first time in 73 days. And the Cardinals were only half a game behind the Phils as the two teams opened a three-game series in Busch Stadium.

On the plane to St. Louis the players were silent but somewhat happy to be leaving Philadelphia, where the boos had begun to bother them. In that final game against Milwaukee, Ruben Amaro had been booed unmercifully, while a sign saying "Amaro for MVP" hung from the stands. By now he had stopped writing home. His father kept saying over and over, "What in hell is wrong with these kids? They are not hating worth a damn." Doña Pepa no longer waved celery in the market, and her husband tried to soothe her. "Every team goes into a slump now and then, old girl. They soon come out of them." Doña Pepa sat in silence and prayed.

"The people in Philadelphia," said Ruben in St. Louis, "will be hollering 10 years after we are gone. But the nice thing is we are getting away now."

Relief Pitcher Jack Baldschun said, "It's got to help for us to get away. You don't hear the boos when you are out there pitching, but down in the bullpen you hear the comments and the curs words and. . . ." Catcher Clay Dalrymple said, "Their hearts are breaking right along with ours." Mauch said, "We still have time."

As the Phillies came onto the field for their first game with the Cardinals, their gray road uniforms were wrinkled and they marched over to warm up in complete silence. The reporters descended on Mauch. His eyes were red and tired, and when he took off his cap the sprinkling of gray hairs seemed to say more than he really could. But as a flight of 20 reporters walked over the Philie dugout to speak to him he suddenly lifted his head straight up in the air as if looking at a foul ball headed in his direction. The reporters scattered, arms up over their heads. Mauch smiled at his little joke. "Who's choking?" he asked.

He answered every question and all of them as honestly as he could. One reporter asked him, "Who do you think will win the pennant?" Mauch ran his right index finger slowly across the front of his uniform blouse, right where the red letters spell out "Phillies."

St. Louis won the first game 5-1, and afterward the door to Philadelphia's dressing room stayed closed for 20 minutes. The next night they lost again, 4-2. Now they were in

third place behind the Reds and Cardinals, who were only percentage points apart. After that game Mauch sat with his head in his hands in the small, uncomfortable visitors' clubhouse, a huge pile of telegrams at his feet. The overwhelming majority of the wires were from fans thanking the Phils and Mauch for the thrills the team had given them over the year. "There is no news tonight," he said to the reporters.

Very late that night the oval bar in the Chase Hotel was filled with baseball people, and the talk was about how the Phillies had folded. Everyone had a theory. Thomas' injury, all the injuries, Power's recent failure to hit, pitching Banning out of turn, the badly timed errors, the bullpen's shabby work. Just before closing time footsteps were heard in the long corridor that opens onto the bar. It was Gene Mauch, his raincoat slung over his shoulder. The room fell silent as everyone looked at him. "Would you like a drink?" a friend asked. "I'd like a million," he said, and somehow managed to smile.

Before that second game Callison, still weakened by a virus infection, nearly collapsed in the clubhouse and could not start. Later he pinch-hit a single and begged to stay in the game. Under baseball rules only a pitcher is allowed to wear a jacket on the field, but Mauch sent a windbreaker to Callison as he stood on first base. The outfielder's fingers were so weak that he could not fasten the zipper and pull it up. Bill White, the Cardinals' first baseman, zippered the jacket for Callison, and St. Louis never said a word about the rule that was being broken. By now even the opposition was feeling compassion for the Phils. The next night, before the last game in St. Louis, White, Dick Groat and Curt Flood of the Cardinals stood by the batting cage and looked down into the visitors' bullpen, where Mauch sat alone on a green bench. Groat, a veteran professional who admires Mauch deeply, said, "No one could possibly imagine what he has gone through or what is going through his mind now." The Cardinals won again; the Phils looked awful and when Philadelphia got to Cincinnati early the next morning Dennis Bennett said, "We've blown the whole thing. We had it and it's gone." The Phils had still not won their 91st game.

In Cincinnati they won their last two games of the season, too late. They finished in a tie for second with the Reds, but the Cardinals won the pennant. In the words of Cookie Rojas, the season and the collapse were "like swimming in a long, long lake and then you drown." Ruben Amaro's last letter of the season arrived in Veracruz while the Phils were on their way to Cincinnati. "Dear Papa and Mama," it began, "Something is wrong with the team. We are all defeated before we start playing. Nothing is right, we just lose games. I have no words to tell you what is wrong. You know by the papers that we are a losing team, but we will keep on fighting to the end. . . . Perhaps I planned too far ahead when I asked you to come to Philadelphia."

On the day when *Dik rowen* arrived at the Amaros' home in Veracruz with the headline, THE CARDS WON THE PENNANT, Doña Pepa collapsed in tears. "I have only cried twice in my life," she said later. "The first time was one day in Cuba. Amaro was playing with Almendares against Havana. It was Sunday, and the game was decisive and Havana won. At the last part of the game I broke out crying. The other time is when I see the headline about the Cardinals. Oh, my son, my son, I kept on sobbing."

Later Santos and Doña Pepa wrote to Ruben: "It's all right, son, don't worry. Next year the team will make it."

In Philadelphia the debris of defeat lingered in the team's clubhouse into the winter. In the bottom of Ruben Amaro's cubicle were four gloves, a shaving kit, half a dozen letters and a 50c Golden read-it-yourself book titled *Little Black Pappy*. Second Baseman Tony Taylor had left behind an unopened 28c box of Webster Taps cigars. Outfielder Wes Covington left a hundred letters and a flood of telegrams. Pitcher Art Mahaffey left a "Big League Autographed Ball" autographed by Wes Covington, Dennis Bennett went away for the winter after flinging a paperbuck called *Born to Battle* on the floor. There was action in the front office during the winter—Bennett was traded to the Boston Red Sox for Dick Stuart, yet another powerful right-handed-hitting first baseman; Bo Belinsky (see cover), the colorful, volatile left-hander, was obtained from the Los Angeles Angels, and there were other deals—but elsewhere in the old ball park time had stopped. A thin layer of dust covered the official playing roster of the Milwaukee Braves on Mauch's office desk. Up above in the stadium itself new sod took hold in the infield, but the only sound was the eerie whistle the wind made as it squeezed through the louvers above the right-field wall. The painters completed the yearly task of trying to make the old seats look like new. Out on the scoreboard the slogan, "Tote 'em Home Pennant" remained. When the sun got high enough it reflected off the eight tiny mirrors the teen-agers had cast over the sides of the stands onto the outfield grass like worthless coins on the day of that final home game.

This week at Jack Russell Stadium in Clearwater, Unk Henry, the silver-haired clubhouse man, is standing in his shiny nylon Philie jacket in the clubhouse under the stands. He has unpacked the 18 big red equipment trunks and the whirlpool bath, and he is ready for another season.

"When we came back to Philly the night after our last game in Cincinnati," Unk Henry said reflectively a few weeks ago, "there were 10,000 people waiting just to cheer us, to thank us for giving them the thrills. I've thought the whole season over, and the slump. Well, every spring we have a new chance. This team still has pep and fight and talent, and it believes in itself even now. We can't wait for this season to get started."

END

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

This time of year college coaches—even winning ones—usually begin looking at their freshmen with more than a casual interest, and this season an unusual number believe they have freshmen who are potential All-Americans. Perhaps the most brilliant prospect anywhere is Louisville's Westley Unseld, a 6-foot-8 center whose achievements are indeed impressive: a 70% shooting average, 34.6 points and 23.9 rebounds a game. What's more, he has the agility and speed to trigger the fast break that Louisville Coach Peck Hickman favors.

Another bright hopeful is North Carolina's 6-foot-3 Larry Miller, a superb passer, driver and outside shooter (32.9 per game), who can play anywhere but probably will wind up in Coach Dean Smith's backcourt next year. Duke, too, has a budding star in Mike Lewis, a muscular 6-foot-7 forward from, of all places, Missouri, Mo., who likes to operate in close around the basket. West Virginia's freshman team, which has aroused more local interest this season than the mediocre varsity, is packed with outstanding players. The best is Ron Williams, a 6-foot-3 backcourt specialist who will be the first Negro ever to play basketball in the Southern Conference. Williams averaged 31 points and handed out 44 assists in 21 games. Despite his size, he also is the team's leading rebounder with 213.

Ohio State has 6-foot-7½ Bill Hosket, an excellent shooter and tough rebounder who, Coach Fred Taylor says happily, "is good enough to make me enjoy coaching again." Minnesota's Tom Kondla, a strong 6-foot-8 center, is reported to be the best freshman in the Gophers have ever had, while Illinois is ecstatic over Dick (Highpockets) Jones, a quick 6-foot-7 forward whose eyes, they say, fairly sparkle when he goes the ball. Houston's 6-foot-9 Elvin Hayes, who will be the first Negro to play for the Cougars, blocks shots like Bill Russell and already has broken eight freshman records. Not all the good ones, however, are big men. Tulsa's Eldridge Webb, a slick playmaker from New York, is only 6 feet, and Utah's Mervin Jackson, an extraordinary leaper, is 6 feet 2.

Other good ones include Penn's Tom Malison, Princeton's Joe Hower, Boston College's Jim Kussie, Niagara's Emanuel Leaks, St. Louis' Gene Moore, Dayton's Don May, Miami of Ohio's little Phil Snow, Kansas State's Earl Sayfert, Mike Williams and Tom Harvey, Kansas' Jo-Jo White, Vanderbilt's Bo Wyenandt and Kentucky's 6-foot-8½ Cliff Berger, who is already being acclaimed as the Wildcats' best center since Bob Barrow in 1956.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. PROVIDENCE (10-4)
2. ST. JOSEPH'S (10-0) 3. VILLANOVA (17-4)

All week long Philadelphians had argued about the relative merits of their two big teams, St. Joseph's and Villanova, and last Saturday night they crowded into the Palestra to watch them settle the issue. They flied out, too—all 9,238 of them—at half time, when some idiot phoned police to say that there was a bomb in the building. It was a false alarm, of course. But St. Joe's Cliff Anderson, a rangy sophomore center, was not. He eluded Villanova's sizzling zone defense for 36 points and snugged up 24 rebounds as the Hawks won the big one 66-61.

Meanwhile in eastern Providence, which has already beaten St. Joe's, sharpened up its skills for Villanova. Everybody got into the act as the Friars shot a sizzling 63% while trouncing Rhode Island 88-72. PENN STATE, another hot Eastern independent with a 17-3 record, beat Colgate 85-76 and Syracuse 70-62 for its 10th straight. CONNECTICUT, now 19-2, rolled over Boston U. 89-78 and American U. 115-60. BOSTON COLLEGE and St. BONAVENTURE, two NIT hopefuls, both bolstered their records. BC took Brandeis 81-51 and Holy Cross 95-94, the Bonnies routed Detroit 84-71.

New York's two best teams stumbled. NYU, which had looked so good while coming from 22 points behind to whip Georgetown 79-73 in Madison Square Garden, lost to tough ARMY 70-62. ST. JOHN'S, after an easy 80-61 win over West Virginia, was puzzled by FORDHAM's sturdy 2-3 zone defense and lost to the Rams 60-46. MANHATTAN managed to escape. The Jaspers beat St. Peter's 77-71 and Temple 80-65.

Time and a crowded schedule finally caught up with streaking Cornell. The Big Red was upset by YALE 71-69. That put PRINCETON, which beat Dartmouth 83-57 and Harvard 82-72, back in the running for the Ivy title. The Tigers and Cornell will settle it next Saturday at Princeton.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. DAVIDSON (22-0)
2. DUKE (14-0) 3. VANDERBILT (18-0)

Just when it seemed that Tennessee and Vanderbilt would have to play off for a place in the NCAA regionals, along came ALABAMA to upset the Vols and put Vandy back in first place. And 'Bama, attacking patiently, beat Tennessee at its own agonizing ball-control game, too. The score, 63-58. VANDERBILT, meanwhile, survived a couple of close ones at home. Kentucky, sloughing nearly on defense to block 6-foot-9 Clyde

Lee from the boards, had Vandy down by 14 points in the first half. Then John Ed Miller, who scored 30 points, began to hot from outside. The Wildcats, naturally, went after him, and that gave Lee room in which to maneuver. He slipped away for 33 points, and Vandy squeaked through 91-90. Florida also gave the leaders a hard time, but Vanderbilt eventually prevailed 80-78.

Far behind in the Southern Conference race and muddling along in one of their worst seasons, WEST VIRGINIA'S Mountaineers suddenly came alive against second-place Virginia Tech. They shocked the Gobblers 127-63. But MOUNTAIN'S regular-season champions stretched their winning streak to 22, the longest in the nation. Little Wolford thoughtlessly elected to run with the poised Wildcats and got trampled in the rush 117-72. The Citadel played slowdown against them and lost 62-50. However, Davidson will have to do it all over again in the conference tournament, which begins Thursday at Charlotte, to get to the NCAA tournament.

DICKI, an easy 87-59 winner over South Carolina, already had first place and top seeding in the Atlantic Coast tournament, but the jockeying for second place was frantic. NORTH CAROLINA, looking almost good enough to challenge the Blue Devils, went after North Carolina State with a confining press and beat the Wolfpack 69-68 as Billy Cunningham got in some late scoring flicks. The Tar Heels also put down South Carolina 76-63 and Clemson 86-84 and were only a half game behind State. MARYLAND was still in it, too. The surprising young Terps trailed NC State by a game after beating Virginia 52-47.

The big confrontation in the Ohio Valley has nowhere left as exciting as its anticipation. EASTERN KENTUCKY simply thrashed Western Kentucky 80-69 to take a two-game lead over the Hilltoppers. MAMI'S Rick Barry gunned in 50 points as Miami outran Houston 103-91.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. MICHIGAN (10-10)
2. MINNESOTA (10-0) 3. INDIANA (10-3)

Nothing, it seems, stirs up MICHIGAN like adversity. Take last week, for instance. The Big Ten leaders came from seven points behind in the last 56 seconds to tie Indiana 81-81 on Larry Trengg's two free throws, then made up four points in 36 seconds in overtime—again on Trengg's icy-calm foul shooting—so force a 92-92 tie. Cazzie Russell's two fouls, with 45 seconds left in the second overtime, finally won it for Michigan 96-95. Later Ohio State made the sad mistake of taking a 22-19 lead early in the first half. What this did was drive the Wolves out of their usual zone press into an even more debilitating man-to-man press. The Bucks faded quickly. Russell and big Bill Buntin scored 46 points between them, and Michigan won its ninth Big Ten game 100-61. MINNESOTA, however, was 8-1 and still hot

(continued)

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Continued from Page 10, and 11.



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BASKETBALL'S WEEK continued

on the trail of Michigan. The Gophers, rallying around Lou Hudson's splendid 65-point shooting, beat Wisconsin 101-91 and Northwestern 88-77. Illinois and Iowa, with two losses each, still had hope, too. The Illini pummeled Ohio State 95-72 and Michigan State 113-94; Iowa smashed Purdue 101-85.

The evening end at Sullwater was almost overwhelming. Kansas' Ted Owens threw a zone press, with two men always on the ball handler, at OKLAHOMA STATE, and Hank Iba retaliated by moving 6-foot-7 Gene Johnson outside to draw the Jayhawks' 6-foot-11 Walt Wesley away from the basket. These and other strategic maneuvers worked so well that the two teams were tied 62-62 after three overtime periods. Then sophomore Freddie Moulder put the Cowboys ahead, and they went on to win 68-64. That should have been enough to clinch Iba's first Big Eight title for Oklahoma State, but COLORADO caught the weary Cowboys at Boulder and upset them 57-54 to make it a race again. KANSAS also was back in after beating old rival Kansas State 88-86.

Oklahoma State was not the only conference leader to fall last week. WICHITA STATE, which had won eight straight in the Missouri Valley, got it, too, from TEXAS 75-64 and then almost did not make it past North Texas State. Dave Leach's jump shot in the very last second saved the game for the Shockers 69-67. ST. LOUIS, meanwhile, took second place by whipping Louisville 70-63. The Cardinals also lost to INDIANA 84-65.

Miami of Ohio was no match for OHIO U. without aging Center Charlie Dinkins. Ohio won 65-55 to move within a half game of the first-place Redskins in the Mid-American Conference. DAYTON's tournament hopes boomed when the Flyers, despite a wraparound defense that held their 6-foot-11 Hank Finkel to only six shots and three field goals, beat Loyola of Chicago 83-72. So did DUKE PAUL, as the Blue Demons took Portland 77-64. But Notre Dame was almost out of it now. The Irish lost their 10th game, to MICHIGAN 101-88.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. HOUSTON (10-7) 2. TEXAS TECH (14-2) 3. OKLAHOMA CITY (11-9)

Texas fans have never muddled high heels on men, but they tend to favor short haircuts. Last week one Dallas sportswriter got his dander up over TEXAS TECH's Norman Reuther. Harold Denney and Billy Tapp, who have been sporting Beatie hairdos lately. "They look ridiculous," he snorted in print. "They look like they should have electric guitars dangling from their necks." Maybe so, but the incorrigible trio and Dub Malone, a clean-shorn little backcourt sharpshooter, led Tech past two more rivals for a 19-0 game lead—with four to go—in the Southwest Conference. While Reuther, Denney and Tapp, their bushy tops flopping

like mops, harassed second-place Texas on defense, Malone fired in 30 points, and the Longhorns went down 87-73. But last-place Rice almost had the Raiders. The Owls led with four minutes left. Then Reuther got six points, Malone four, and Rice succumbed 77-67. "We just let them undress us at the end," moaned Rice's George Carlsle.

Now only SMU had a chance to catch front-running Tech, and the Pomes very nearly lost it. They needed Carroll Hooser's 25-foot jumper at the buzzer to edge TCU 96-95 and four free throws by Bill Ward and Charlie Beasley in the last minute to beat Texas out for second place 73-70.

The independents were making their stretch runs for tournament bids. OKLAHOMA CITY clobbered Denver 90-65, while HOUSTON ran over Texas Wesleyan 122-105, and TEXAS WOMEN, playing its helping man-to-man defense, took Cosenary 68-55 and West Texas State 71-45.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCLA (10-3) 2. SAN FRANCISCO (19-3) 3. NEW MEXICO (10-3)

The news hit the unsuspecting Northwest like a sudden tornado. Seattle's Charlie Williams and Peller Phillips were arrested by the FBI and charged with accepting a bribe to shave points in the Idaho game (won by Seattle 89-72) January 22. For those who remembered the scandals of 1945, 1951 and 1961, the story had an altogether too familiar ring to it. Almost obscured was the fact that SEATTLE beat Oklahoma City 85-82 and Nevada 89-77 last week to run its winning streak to 11.

There were new scores but there was no news from Los Angeles. UCLA toyed with Oregon State for a while, and then, whoosh the Bruins exploded with their press and fast break. Gail Goodrich scored 28 points, and UCLA won 73-55. Next night Oregon led the Bruins 50-49 in the second half. In the next four minutes UCLA bolted to a 10-point lead, and it was all over for the Ducks. They lost 74-64 as Goodrich got 28 again.

Utah rosters, mindful of an earlier 31-point shellacking by BRIGHAM YOUNG, had a banner ready when the Cougars came to Salt Lake City. It read, plainly: NO UNBORN OTHERS—AS THEY DID UNDO US. When the BYU players were introduced before the game, the Utah crowd chanted, "Repent, repent." But the message of the revival meeting never got across. Utah ran, but BYU ran faster and the Cougars won 108-99. The victory put Brigham Young right behind NEW MEXICO in the Western AC race after the Lobos, surprisingly, lost to ARIZONA STATE 71-65, and then beat Arizona 70-66.

SAN FRANCISCO moved closer to the WCAC title with victories over San Jose State 53-52 and Santa Barbara 73-66. COLORADO STATE raised its tournament hopes by whipping Utah State 89-74.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MIDWESTERN MOGULS

Sirs:
Let me extend my congratulations to Bob Ottum for his enlightening article, *Low Blow in the Land of Horizontal Sking* (Feb. 15), and for his warning to serious skiers from the East and the Far West that the rock piles in the Midwest are for exclusive use of the natives.

RICHARD M. DOCTOROFF

Boston

Sirs:
Now just wait a cotton-peckin' minute! I don't know where Writer Bob Ottum skis in the Midwest, but he's really way off if he thinks we ski on "manicured hills, innocent moguls."

If Mr. O. would take a minimum of 2,000 to 3,000 skiers, send them down the same 2,000-foot run every 10 minutes from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., he would see that you get not only moguls but moguls on moguls, and most of them are ice-covered.

As to Mr. Trepp's statement that you get in more skiing because you can go down the hill every three or four minutes, I must take exception. On a typical Saturday or Sunday the tow and lift lines are so long it is not unusual to wait 10 minutes for a two-minute ride up a hill that takes 1½ minutes to ski back down.

However, despite the long lines, subzero weather and the ice-covered moguls, this skier is very thankful to have a place 20 minutes from her door.

LOIS ANN ENNIS

St. Paul

Sirs:
Really now. In a skiing career which has taken me from New Hampshire to Colorado and points between, I have rarely encountered more skillfully designed or more demanding moguls than at some Midwestern hills (e.g., the Herlock slope of Michigan's Boyne Mountain). Certainly there are some terribly easy slopes too, but let's be a little more generous to the poor fellows.

JOEY FISHER

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:
Thoroughly enjoyed your high-speed schuss through the gates of Midwest skiing, but what about our racers who learned their fast evasive sking by keeping ahead of the timberwolves that kept biting holes in their snowsuits?

Now these kids wear Avis buttons—"We try harder"—and give the competition "Hertz donuts." When Greg Schwartz, 15-

year-old Cadillac, Mich. racer, won the National Junior Slalom championship last March at Alpine Meadows, Calif., one of his "flatlander" teammates turned to a dumfounded mountain skier and grinned, "Hurtis, don't it?"

JACK MASON

Grayling, Mich.

EVANSVILLE ZOO

Sirs:
Frank Deford has done it again (*Aces Are High in Evansville*, Feb. 15). His recognition of the Aces is a splendid tribute to Evansville, Ind., its fine team and wonderful people. There can be no stouter Met fan at Shea Stadium than there are Ace fans at Roberts Stadium.

JERRY SADLER

Worthington, Mass.

Sirs:
Your article actually made me, a loyal member of the "red shirt hater's" club, feel a twinge of pride at having once lived in Indiana's basketball asylum.

Shortly after arriving in Evansville in early 1958 I was exposed to the Aces. After 20 minutes of listening to the fanatical loons roar (during the game one wonders if the zoo has been moved into Roberts Stadium) my mind was made up. The only way to avoid guilt by association was to fervently support the opposition.

However, Frank Deford's article brought things into perspective, and I finally got the point. The tremendous pride Evansvillians have in their Aces is a great rallying point, a common ground of inspiration from which they can gather the feeling that everything about Evansville could be as great as the Aces if they all pulled as hard for the town as they do for Mac's boys. If this kind of spirit could be generated in all the potential Evansvilles around the country, it might not solve all the nation's problems, but it would make all the problems a little easier to solve.

Me? I scan the sports pages every day to see if the Aces have dropped one, giving me license to get a sapient note off to the old cronies. So far this season the multi-colored marvels haven't cost me one cent in postage.

JOE KENDALL

St. Paul

INTERCEPTION

Sirs:
It's hard enough to beat high-speed jets on the water; it's even tougher when you "lose" to them in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

In reference to Luther Evans' fine article (*Dennis, Bob, This Is Your Sam*, Feb. 15), Bill Wishnick's winning *Broad Jumper* in the Sam Griffith Memorial race was powered by twin 400-hp Interceptor gasoline engines—not twin 500-hp diesels. Our Dearborn Marine Engine Division converts Ford automotive engines for marine use using the Interceptor trade name.

JOHN J. COLLINS

Eaton Manufacturing Company
Dearborn, Mich.

OPEN SWITCH

Sirs:
Permit me to differ with your editorial pronouncements on the format change in the U.S. Open—Sorazen's opinion notwithstanding (*SCORECARD*, Feb. 8 and 15). Indicting the four-day, 72-hole, stroke-play competition on grounds that it "violates tradition" and asserting that a final-day, 36-hole "grand" is a great test of "stamina" may be valid enough, but where does that get us?

Tradition exists only to give way when improvement appears sensible. Otherwise we would still be molding a twist of sand to tee up our gulls-percha bulls and busting them away with the elbow of a tree limb. Since when is golf intended to be a test of stamina? Most of us, I am sure, regard it as a game of skill in which talented septagenarians may even humble brash youngsters who admittedly would outlast them in a walkathon.

I say let us speed the day when electric golf carts will be allowed in tournaments. There is no reason grandpa shouldn't come home with the prize if he can execute truer shots than his adversaries, whatever their age. Somewhere there may exist a future champion who will have to prop himself carefully on artificial legs when taking his stance. More power to him—and let it be electric.

A. L. HARVEY

Hollywood, Fla.

Sirs:
The superficial reasoning of the United States Golf Association in making the U.S. Open a four-day tournament is ludicrous. They say no other major sport has called for such a long, drawn-out extension of effort. This is exactly why this has been a great championship. They also claim that unexpected delays such as an act of God may make a disorderly tournament. The final 36 holes of the Open are now played on Saturday. In the only postponement that I recall they were played on Sunday. With a new

continued

four-day tournament, the final 18 would have to be played on Monday.

They complain that Ken Venturi was on the course for eight hours and 24 minutes for the final round. This, of course, is partially the fault of the USGA for its failure to penalize slow play.

The real reasons for the change are painfully obvious. In a four-day tournament you get two days rather than one day of television money; also there are four gate admissions rather than three.

EDWARD J. HALLIGAN

Ridgefield Park, N.J.

Sirs:

May I suggest that the Open continue to be played as is, but not be broadcast live? Let them tape it and show 18 holes one day, and the other 18 the next. The suspense of the last hole might be a little less if we already know from newspaper accounts who had won but, speaking for myself, I would be just as much interested in seeing how it was done.

Let's hear from other golfers, and will you nonplaying spectators please stay out of this.

B. H. LANDI

Ashland, Ohio

POUVER LOVERS

Sirs:

Re your article on the McWhirter twins (*Old Parable of the Record Makers*, 1-6-8), I purchased the *Guinness Book of World Records* three years ago, just out of curiosity. Since then I have read every word in the book more than once, and still I am amazed by its contents.

ANDREW BROWN

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

My colleagues and I found the article on the McWhirter twins most entertaining. However, you say, "After parallel careers of some distinction at Marlborough and Oxford—and track careers of some indistinction—they came to London in the late 1940s."

The comment as to the track careers of the twins was probably written tongue-in-cheek or as a result of McWhirter impudence at the interviews in which material for the article was gleaned, but I would like to correct any false impressions gained from this statement. Both McWhirters were, in the late 1940s, much-better-than-average British sprinters. Norris hovered for some time on the fringe of international selection, though he never quite made it. But both he and his brother Ross gained an AAA National title in 1948 with the scintillating Achilles team of that year.

JOHN LUSARDI

Rochester, England

Sirs:

Although I found the article by J. A. Marston Graham and its assorted facts from the Guinness book very interesting, he neglected one thing I now have the same problem Sir Hugh Beaver had, and it is driving me crazy. What is the speed of the golden plover?

R. B. LITTLE

Sloughhouse, Calif.

■ The speed of the golden plover has never been officially established, but a plane pursuing a flock of the birds in migration in 1913 clocked their flight at 60 mph on its airspeed indicator.—ED

FIFTH AMENDMENT

Sirs:

John Nucetola's implication (SCORECARD, Feb. 15) that a foul in basketball is like an error in baseball is not quite correct. An error, at least, does not cause personal harm to a player, whereas a foul is often intended to do just that. However, Mr. Nucetola's suggestion that basketball players not be removed from games because of fouls is a good one, and it merits a trial. Having lived in Wichita, where Center Nate Bowman used to foul out before you could yawn once, I can attest to the fact that it will allow spectators to see the players they come to see. A more equitable solution, however, might have the fouled team getting its allotted number of shots up until the fifth foul, after which the fouled player would get one extra shot for each additional foul committed, i.e., two shots on the sixth foul, three on the seventh, etc.

BRAD SHAM

Glennview, Ill.

Sirs:

I like John Nucetola's premise, but not his conclusion. Repeated violators should be banished in all sports. Should a tackle who goes offside twice and is called for clipping and a face-mask infraction be allowed to stay in a ball game (assuming his coach lets him)? I doubt it. The individual is punished for the mistakes he makes in life—why not in the arena? Also, why take away the bench warmer's only chance to get into the action?

J. Q. ROBINSON

Cranford, N.J.

Sirs:

A pat on the back to Mr. Nucetola. His "amendment for the fifth" is a step forward. However, instead of merely allowing the player to play on I would suggest that a hockey-type penalty be imposed, where the offending player would be benched for a set period of time after the fourth foul.

R. J. SHANAHAN

Toledo

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